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TOUCH-AND GO

Volume VI

December, 1952

No. 10

(Inkprint Edition)

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TOUCH-AND GO

VOLUME VI

December, 1952

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THROUGH THE YEARS

Christmas bells again are ringing
Bringing tidings glad and bright
Through the years from the first Christmas
There has shown a holy light.

Guided by a silver starlet
Were the three wise men of yore
There still shines the light of Jesus
Guiding us to heaven's door.

And the door is ever open
Where God welcomes all with love
He gives us the right direction
How to follow Him above.

The right road is straight and narrow
Light divine shines all the way
Hallowed by our Blessed Savior
Gift Supreme on Christmas Day.

Irene Dodge,
Bar Harbor, Maine

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

Every now and then in the pattern of our daily lives a flash of beauty crosses our path--a lovely melody--a splash of color harmony--a bit of poetry--the handclasp of a friend--a creative expression of thought! Here is just such a gem written about Christmas by an unknown author and it seems fitting to share it with you. It gives us a picture in words that embodies genuine beauty and sets the keynote for us all this Christmas season.

"Call it what you will, sentiment, Christianity, ceremony or just another holiday in the calendar of time. Christmas symbolizes something that is good, something that is wholesome. It is the season of Good Cheer and Good Will to Man. It has been commercialized and exploited; it has been defamed, debauched and prostituted; but the spirit of the Season lives on to bless Mankind.

There is something about Christmas that makes the average man a little more gentle in his judgment of others; a little more considerate of the other fellow; a little more charitable. Nor is it the holly, the mistletoe or the Christmas decorations that serves as the stimulating force for goodwill. It is something spiritual, something that reaches deep down into the hearts of men and makes them realize that the eternal longing of the human heart is for Peace, Good Will, Brotherhood and Security in one's latent faith.

There may be a dozen personifications of Santa Claus within a single city block, there may be carloads of toys in the shop windows, there may

be garlands of evergreen from every lightpost; these things alone do not make men remember that there is such a day as Christmas.

Christmas, in the last analysis, symbolizes the good in man, that is all too often lost in the strivings for material things. The average man wants to be neighborly, not only to those who live across the way, but to all good people. The average man wants to be generous, kind, sympathetic, benevolent and mindful of the woes and privations of others, but the demands of competitive enterprise, the urgings to achieve wealth, power and place, the hunger for social security for his loved ones and all the other factors in human existence, tend to stifle the common impulses which do find expression in the Christmas Season.

Christmas has many meanings, and most of these are individualized according to our capacity to determine values, but the over-all meaning of Christmas has changed little in the nearly two thousand years it has been observed. Wars have wracked the world and shaken human faith, the designs of tyrants have seared human hopes and blurred human vision with strife and confusion, and yet, Christmas lives in the hearts of men, because, basically, most men are good, and that is the greatest assurance we have that the brotherhood of men may yet be materialized."

May Christmas bring you joy and peace of mind! May there be a very special blessing this year for each deaf-blind person here and in all parts of the world!

Merry Christmas!

Annette B. Dinsmore

PERSONALLY YOURS

by

Our Roving Reporter

WHEN KATIE COMES!

Of all the visitors who come to the American Foundation for the Blind none is more welcome than our own Katie, Miss Katherine Kreisworth, of the Lexington School for the Deaf. When Katie comes she is always eagerly expected for an appointment has been made several weeks ahead. Such arrangements must be made since Katie cannot come alone; she must come with a guide because she can neither hear nor see.

Katie has a charm all her own and dominates the scene whenever she appears. Katie is lovely to look at, meticulously dressed, with a rare sense of color combination that reveals a clear memory of color values. Blue is her first choice which forms a fitting complement to her grey hair and large blue eyes. But the most striking thing about Katie is the beauty of her face which expresses an inner peace of mind, joy in living, and a spiritual quality that reflects her deep religious convictions and love of her fellow man.

The Lexington School has been Katie's home ever since she first entered its doors as a little deaf child of six. She was bright and made rapid progress there in the hands of skilled teachers, learning speech, lip reading, and the meaning of language. When, at the age of fourteen, she knew she would some day lose her sight, Katie started studying braille and devising ways and means of taking care of personal needs without sight. Actually it, was years later that her sight left her completely, after she was past fifty, but by the time it happened she was well equipped to handle the problem.

As soon as Katie finished her education she started working at the school, taking care of the little boys' dormitories, and has been employed there ever since. According to the Matron, Katie still makes a bed expertly, better than many who have good sight, and she cleans to a shiny perfection; a trait that many a housewife could envy.

Katie is extremely orderly, mending her own clothes and marking them so that she can identify each article. She has many original devices such as a box with compartments to keep cards separated when she plays solitaire, plastic writing guides of sizes to fit various pads of paper so that she can write quick notes in conversation with sighted friends, a special pocket to hold and protect her braille watch which is one of her most prized possessions. She is ready and willing to share her ideas with others.

Aside from her work Katie keeps very busy making and selling leather articles, the proceeds of which she sends to "Good Cheer", a magazine for the deaf-blind or to the American League for the Deaf-Blind, a volunteer group which gives clothing and Christmas boxes to some needy deaf-blind people. Katie has many deaf-blind letter pals and she is constantly explaining their general problems to her innumerable friends among the deaf. She is quick to refer any friend for help who may be facing deaf-blindness and she gives much of her own time and money to assist such a person.

She keeps up with her clubs for the deaf and attends their social gatherings, and her deaf friends welcome her gladly to these events.

Katie has several hobbies, snapshots which she mounts in photograph albums with braille labels, sending cards to friends at holiday times, and "collecting tiny things". The tiny things are miniature objects of all

kinds, some of them are souvenirs. These little articles give her a great deal of pleasure and can be stowed away carefully in a minimum of space.

"It is a good idea for deaf-blind people to have hobbies," says Katie, "It is interesting and fun."

When Katie comes she first visits the Special Services Department at the Foundation to examine any new devices or "gadgets". Then she comes up to the Deaf-Blind Department for a friendly chat and to discuss the work in general. She often brings something she has made, particularly if it might be helpful for someone else. One day she tried the new Perkins brailler, but the mechanism seemed to startle her, it was so different from her own machine. She apologized at great length for fear she had hurt our feelings, until we explained that she was under no obligation to like the "Perkie".

There is not much more to tell--just that Katie is beloved by everyone. Why? Her happy disposition? Her friendliness? Perhaps--but the only real explanation we can give is that she is just herself, our own Katie.

MEMORIES

Christmas Eve in a country village. Lights just beginning to show in the scattered houses. Then lanterns bobbing up and down over the snowy roads... some tied to the backs of sleighs...some carried by people walking...everyone going to the white church on the hill... all neighbors, all friends.

For a week the children in the village had been bringing in running pine, then elderberries and pine boughs, helping to wind the pillars and trim the large pine tree which would be lighted by tallow candles.

From one of the houses near the church the large family had all left except two.

"Hurry, can't you. Mother said I had to wait for you. The Carters have gone and the Stronges have just driven past. I know their sleighbells. I wish we lived far enough away to drive to church. Say - stop fussing and come on!"

"Well, I have to fix my hair. I have to speak a piece. You'd fuss if they made you speak a piece."

"Aw - nobody cares how you look. I'll race you to the church..." and out they go...looks forgotten in the fun of tearing through the snow.

The heat from the two big wood stoves gave a feeling of comfort and cheer as one left the snow covered world and were greeted by the piney fragrance of the decorations. The "meeting house" of the village,

a place of good cheer and friendliness, as the country store was the club house for men, the "meeting house" was the club for all men, women, and children.

So now on Christmas Eve the whole town was there. One of the special evenings of the long, country winter. After the recitations and carols, the people gathered in groups all over the church and although there were long drives through drifts for some of them, and much to do before Santa Claus could come down the chimney, they were in no hurry to leave.

There would be many cold winter days before they could meet again. Finally, after the singing of "Silent Night", the hoods, furs, mittens coats, fur caps and big blanket shawls were put on and one by one the sleighs were filled and the restless horses started for home. Back through the clear air came "Merry Christmas" to the few who stayed to bank the fires, snuff out the candles and lock the big door with what always seemed the largest key in the world, leaving the fragrant feeling of good cheer in the old church.

H. S. A.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

by

Warren Cobb

It was approaching Christmas, and every day when Helen Williams came home from school she stopped at Mrs. Conway's little store, at the corner, and gazed at the beautiful doll in the window.

One afternoon while looking at the doll, she raised her head and offered a prayer to the Lord, asking Him if He would not send the doll to her.

When she arrived home she told her mother about the beautiful doll and her mother said: "I am sorry, my dear, but you know that daddy is sick and I am afraid we won't be able to give our little girl much of anything this Christmas. All that we can hope is that daddy will be better."

The next day, which was Christmas Eve, while Helen was at school, Mrs. Williams said to her husband: "The child has her heart set on that doll, so I must see what kind of a doll it is when I do my errands. Oh, dear, if we can only get some kind of a Christmas dinner together, we will be doing well. But we have a lot to be thankful for. I notice that you are feeling better today, and I hope you will be able to sit down to dinner with us tomorrow."

When Mrs. Williams returned, after her shopping expedition, she said to her husband: "Walter, I don't blame Helen for wanting that doll. It is exquisite! I can't, however, understand how Mrs. Conway could afford to buy such an expensive doll with prices as high as they are these days. Those salesmen must be clever, but I don't see who can afford to buy it."

On Christmas Eve, Helen stopped to look at the doll as usual, but it was gone! She came home, and with tears in her eyes, said to her mother:

"Oh, Mama, the doll is gone!". That night, poor little Helen ate very little supper.

After Helen went to bed, a rap came at the door and when Mrs. Williams opened it - there stood one of her husband's friends with a large box of groceries in his arm. "Merry Christmas", he said, "We brought you a little gift", as he placed the box on the table and went in to see Walter. He told them that he could not stay long as he was playing the part of Santa Claus and had other visits to make.

After thanking him for his kindness, he left. Then Mrs. Williams examined the box and told her husband there was everything in it for a Christmas dinner.

"Well", said Mrs. Williams, "I will go down to the market as they are about to close, and I think I may be able to buy a small table Christmas tree for very little money. We can decorate it with the ornaments that were left over from last Christmas".

She was just putting on her coat, when another rap came on the door. When she opened it, there stood Mrs. Conway with a large box under her arm. "Merry Christmas" she said, "I came with a little gift for Helen" as she went over to the table and unwrapped the package. There was the beautiful doll Helen had admired for such a long time!

"Oh," said Mrs. Williams, "you really can't afford to give her that lovely doll"! "That's all right" replied Mrs. Conway, "when I saw the child looking at the doll yesterday, with tears in her eyes, I decided that she would have the doll". "I don't know how to thank you," was all Mrs. Williams could say.

Then Mrs. Williams asked: "How are you spending Christmas, Mrs. Conway?" "Oh," replied Mrs. Conway, "I will go to church in the morning and then prepare a small dinner in my rooms back of the shop".

Mrs. Williams took her by the arm and showed her the box of groceries they had received. "Look, Walter's friends sent him this large box of groceries. Why not share it with us?" "I will do just that", replied Mrs. Conway, and after visiting with Mr. Williams, left with thanks all around.

The next morning when Helen awakened and smelled the coffee and breakfast, she shouted: "Merry Christmas! How is daddy feeling this morning?"

"Much better," her mother replied, "and we have a big surprise for you this morning". "What is it?" asked Helen. "Never you mind" her mother said happily, "come out and see for yourself."

When Helen appeared at the door in her night gown, her eyes were like saucers as she gazed at the doll, sitting in her little rocker on the table. "Mamma", she said faintly, "is it my doll?" "Why, of course, it is dear," answered Mrs. Williams, choking back a sob. Helen could not believe it and asked: "Did you and daddy buy it for me?" "No," replied her mother, "we are sorry that we could not, but Mrs. Conway was sweet enough to give it to you as a gift."

"Oh, wasn't she kind", exclaimed Helen, as she stood there still gazing at the doll.

"And that isn't all," said her mother, as she took Helen over to show her the large box of groceries, "and Mrs. Conway is going to have Christmas dinner with us, and daddy is feeling so much better that he will be able to sit at the table, too!"

"You haven't forgotten daddy, have you?" Mrs. Williams asked, as she placed a package in the child's hands.

"Oh, no," as she hastened to take the package to her father.

"Merry Christmas, daddy," Helen said as she kissed him. Mr. Williams opened his gift and found a pair of warm bedroom slippers. He thanked his little daughter, kissing her and holding her tight for a moment. Mrs. Williams, who had been standing at the door watching, said: "Yes, Walter, our little girl took every penny out of her Piggie bank so that she could give you a present, but she has been amply rewarded for her thoughtfulness."

"Come, Helen," Mrs. Williams finally said: "you must hurry and eat your breakfast as we are going to church.

Still tenderly holding her new doll she asked wistfully: "May I take my doll with me, Mamma?"

"Oh, no," replied her mother, "but you can pray to the Lord and thank Him for the gift."

Helen went to the table, and gazing at the doll said: "My doll, and Mamma I have such a pretty name for her - 'Carol'."

--oOo--

THE EVOLUTION OF SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus has been an American celebrity for more than one hundred years, but no artist attempted to paint him until 1844. Then he was painted as a tiny elf, squatting next to a fireplace, and smoking a wee Dutch pipe.

Since that time there have been many conceptions of Santa. The next sketch that appeared of him was by Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, who also gave us our conception of Uncle Sam, the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey.

This Santa was a jolly, round-faced, chubby little fellow, who still smoked his pipe and was dressed in a short robe with fur collar and cuffs. Since then Santa has developed into a full-sized man, much rounder, with full white beard and moustache, and wears a bright red cap and suit bordered in ermine.

The story of how our Santa evolved is interesting. The legend goes that the children of Lapland and Siberia were reared on stories of St. Nicholas, a bishop of Asia Minor in the fourth century. Because this patron saint gave handsome presents to the children on Christmas Eve, he became known as the bringer of Christmas gifts, or Santa Claus. These children thought of him as dressed in fur and traveling in reindeer-drawn sleighs, just as they did themselves.

From the time of St. Nicholas' death in 342 A.D., the wonderful stories of this saint who gave presents to the poor were retold at the firesides of all Europe. The Dutch children observed the anniversary of his death on December 6 and received presents in their wooden shoes.

They thought of him as a very stern old man, dressed in a bishop's robe and carrying a stick to punish bad children. They both loved and feared him. When the little Dutch children came to New Amsterdam with their parents, they brought Santa Claus, or "San Claas," as they said, with them.

Soon the English colonial children adopted this little man for their Santa, but they moved the date for his coming from December 6 to New Year's Eve.

Then the Germans who came to this country brought along their Christmas customs: Christmas trees and Christmas candles burned in honor of the Christ child, whom the German children called Kris Kringle. About this same time families beginning to spread across the country chose Christmas as a day of reunion. Thus the English season of celebration, the Dutch figure of Santa Claus, and the German dress and equipment combined for one holiday.

--Gene Loll

Reprinted from "The School Journal", Iowa School for the Blind.

POSTMARKED - MASSACHUSETTS

Dear Miss Dinsmore:

It was nice that you could have a few weeks at the shore this summer. My vacation was very quiet this year.

I like the sea, however, and always did. Not because ~~of the water~~ itself, or the sea air, but for what it means. It makes me marvel that the pull of the moon can toss the waves upon the shore, they pull them back again when they have gone far enough!

One of the most thrilling adventures of my life was when I crossed the Atlantic. I could see and hear then and the starlit dome of the sky fascinated me so much that I would sit on deck for hours and say nothing. The moon shedding her silvery light astern of the ship, the millions of stars hanging like jewels from a purple velvet dome, from horizon to horizon, was a wonderful sight.

But one night all this changed very suddenly. The wind rose to gale fury, the water heaved and tossed as if there were some great force pushing it up from underneath. Torrential rain flooded the decks and rolled into the sea. And then, almost as suddenly, it abated and the sky was lit up by sheets of lightning and the thunder rolled as if there were a great mass of artillery firing at close quarters. It was grand, but awesome in its fury!

In about an hour it had gone and the stars gleamed in all their beauty through the heavens, and the sea became calm and peaceful.

Cheerio and good luck.

Cordially yours,

Archie N. Blackburn

BETSIE BARKS

Hello! Shiver, shiver. It is cold today and the office is cold too. I am wearing my raincoat to make me warmer, and I am curled up on a little round rug. My boss would like to curl up on the rug with me to get warm, but there isn't room. Anyhow, she is working and you can't curl up on a rug and work, can you?

Would you like to hear about our trip? We flew and flew and there was lots of grass and sunshine and new people. We met some deaf-blind people too, and some children. It was fun. I will tell you some of their names. Maybe you know them too. My boss had to talk and talk to groups of people in different places and I slept under the table each time. I am glad I don't have to talk, except with my tail.

Do you know about states? It seems confusing to me but my boss says to tell you we went to Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Iowa and Illinois. In Kansas we met Breta Cornelius, who is deaf-blind and very nice, and her daughter, Ruth, who is nice too. There was a man there, Harlan Young, who drove a car and took us to the airport. I liked Breta's house and she let me look it all over, upstairs and downstairs, and the kitchen smelled good.

In Colorado we met more deaf-blind friends--Louise Hunter, Molly Meintz, Elizabeth Meyers, and some others. I liked them all and I think they liked me. Then we saw some little deaf-blind children. Two came to see my boss with their mothers, and she held them in her lap. One little boy was seven, and we saw him in Wyoming, and his mother wants

him to go to school. The little girl had red hair and lives in Illinois. She is four and she can go to school when she is six, if they can find a teacher for her. She ran around the room and turned somersaults, and I kept out of her way because she might step on me. Then we saw six little boys and girls in school in Iowa and they were having fun and learning to do things. I was careful not to let them step on me either. They have nice teachers and a big yard to play in.

We took a big bus in Colorado and rode for five hours. The bus went up mountains and down again and around curves. I was scared and so was my boss. I like an airplane better because it flies straight and the lady on the plane gives me some milk or something to eat. My boss says she likes the plane better too. Mountains are high and those curves are dangerous!

It snowed last night and the snow piled up on the windowsill. My boss made a tiny snowball. I tried to bite it but it fell apart. I like snow, but if we have much I will have to wear my boots.

Thanksgiving was a happy day. We had dinner with the family and I had some turkey too, and some turkey skin, but no bones. The turkey was fat and big. It smelled wonderful. I think I could eat a whole turkey, but that would be selfish.

Christmas is coming and Santa Claus will leave some packages for me too, under the tree. I mean he will leave them if I am good, and I am pretty good. I love Christmas and I love to play with new toys and then I put them back under the tree with all the other presents. I hope all

of you have nice presents under your Christmas trees and I hope you have a good time.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HAPPY NEW YEAR, TOO!

Thank you and good-bye.

Betsie Dinsmore

A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM "T A G"

It's Christmas!

The candles are burning--

The holly is crimson and gay--

And many a wish warm and friendly,

Is happily going your way.

All out--to help old Santa,

This happy time of year,

May he fill your stocking to the brim

With luck--and fun--and cheer!

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

to all of our deaf-blind friends

from

everyone at the

American Foundation for the Blind

--oOo--

HEARD ON THE RADIO

CAN'T WIN

Little Johnny was told to get washed up because his Grandmother was arriving that afternoon for a visit.

"Are you my Grandma?" asked the little boy when he saw a sweet grey-haired lady sitting in the living Room.

"Yes, dear, on your father's side" replied his Grandma smiling.

Johnny leaned down and whispered "I'm afraid you're on the wrong side!"

- - - - -

APPROPRIATE RETORT

The Judge's expression was not unkind as he leaned over the bench and addressed the mousy little man before him.

"So you're a locksmith," the Judge said. "And pray tell, what was a locksmith doing in a gambling dive when he was arrested?"

The prisoner, taking courage, grinned back.

"He was making a bolt for the door" the prisoner replied.

- - - - -

NO POLICEMEN

A small girl was explaining to her younger brother that it was wrong to work on Sunday.

"But what about policemen?" asked the boy. "They have to work on Sunday. Don't they go to heaven?"

"Of course not," replied the sister. "They're not needed there."

- - - - -

ONLY ONE ANSWER

Wife (at 4 A.M.): "A fine time to come in. I want an explanation and I want the truth."

Husband: "Make up your mind, dear, you can't have both."

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DR. POTTS

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EXERCISES

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2. ...
3. ...
4. ...
5. ...
6. ...
7. ...
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9. ...
10. ...

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving isn't cherished as of yore,
The spirit of the day is no more here;
No longer is it hallowed as before
Only laughter and gay chatter do we hear.

Too busy in their daily lives to give
Thanks to Him for all that He bestows;
Contented only when they each can live
A life which more self-centered grows.

Small wonder then, they set aside no day
On which to express their gratitude;
Too busy being frolicsome and gay
Or else in discontented mood.

Do the spirits of the Pilgrims linger near
On this day of thanks which they inspired,
And in distress and sorrow do they hear
The dancing feet of those never tired?

Spirit of Thanksgiving! May it live
And never vanish from our native land;
To Him never let us fail to give
Thanks for that hardy Pilgrim band!

By -

Genevieve L. Goss

(Author's Note:
(Inspired by the thoughtless, pleasure-mad!)

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

When I was a very young girl and received my first watch - the pride of my life - I wrote a little poem about it to the rhythm of its ticking -

Little watch, little watch,
Do you tick my life away,
Little watch, little watch,
As you point the time of day?
In your ticking, in your ticking,
I can seem to hear you say,
'I shall go on ticking, ticking,
Forever and a day.'
Little watch, little watch,
Don't you tick my life away!

All the watches I have ever owned, braille or otherwise, have had an uncanny habit of speeding up in November. Clocks of all sorts, large and small, do likewise, including the big chime clock in the tower of a building near my home. The hours speed by with such a rush that the whole month races past like an express train until November seems to be the shortest month of the year. If this month would only relax and slow down, it would give us all a chance to recover from the impact of the opening of the fall season and give us a breathing space before the impetuous confusion of December. However, November is stubborn and there is nothing we can do about it but catch our breath as best we can and follow along!

Time must have taken a much slower pace for the Pilgrim Fathers when they celebrated the first Thanksgiving. It is hard for us to realize how they could cope with the rigors of a New England winter under the most primitive conditions, and yet we can envy them in some ways because they were free from the increasing pressures of today.

What a mad, mad rush it is - our world today! And New York City leads the race in a great whirl of activity day and night, summer or winter. Everything here is geared to the superlative - its buildings are the highest - its traffic the heaviest - its bridges the largest - subways the longest - crowds of people the densest. Every day all summer long ninety thousand sightseers visit the Statue of Liberty! New York is incredible and we wonder what the Pilgrim Fathers would think if they could visit us today. They would probably feel lost in a gigantic maze - overwhelmed by the size and the speed of it all. Even the simplest details of everyday living, such as the electric light or milk sold in a carton would astonish them, while the telephone, radio, and television would appear miraculous!

But human nature has not changed with the centuries and New York is, in many ways, like a small town. Perhaps I should say that it is a composite picture of many small neighborhoods, each a unit where faces become familiar and people pass the time of day in hallways, vestibules, or in the small local grocery store. Many acts of kindness occur daily which more than compensate for occasional rudeness in the rush of the city. Within a radius of several blocks my dog, Betsie, is greeted by name - often to my surprise. Small boys stop shooting off their cap pistols when they see Betsie coming because they know the sound alarms her. These are "good neighbors".

Interest in and consideration of others can spring up at times with rather dramatic effect. Recently when Betsie and I were returning to the city by bus just such an episode developed. The driver had been exceptionally courteous all during the three-hour trip, helping passengers with baggage, seeing that each had a comfortable seat, chatting cheerfully with everyone, so that by the time we reached the tunnel leading under the Hudson River, the whole atmosphere

was that of pleasant friendliness. There was a tie-up on our lane of traffic in the tunnel itself, and the driver took advantage of an opportunity to pull out across the line into a clear lane. Although perfectly safe, this was a traffic violation. A policeman appeared out of thin air it seemed and boarded the bus, shouting and hurling invectives at the driver, then giving him a ticket to appear in court. The passengers, as if with one voice, came to the defense of their driver, even offering to take up a collection to pay his fine. The officer seemed startled and sounded ashamed as he said, "Well, never mind, but don't do it again!" Then he tore up the ticket. He, too, was caught up in the spirit of unselfishness. These were "good neighbors".

For the fundamental kindness inherent in all of us, we can all give thanks on our feast day. Whether or not we ever know each other personally, we are "good neighbors".

Annette B. Dinsmore

PERSONALLY YOURS

by

Our Roving Reporter

Just three years ago the position of executive director of the American Foundation for the Blind passed into the hands of a somewhat serious-minded young man. By way of marking the date, "Touch-and-Go" decided to introduce Robert Barnett to you this month in Personally Yours.

His career to date has been a variegated one. In addition to directing a state agency in Florida, before coming to the Foundation, he has had experience as a newspaperman, teacher, and publicity director.

Perhaps a good way to start the interview is to mention that the Foundation's new boss-man is blind. He lost his sight twenty years ago when at the age of sixteen he went on an orange gathering expedition into a Jacksonville grove, accompanied by several other teen-agers. As the boys were leaving, they were stopped by a floodtide of buckshot, and as young Barnett was the nearest to the gun, the pellets struck his chest, and one pierced the pupil of his left eye. It crossed and severed the optic nerve of the right eye.

From there he saw many discouraging weeks of fighting for his sight. Finally, he decided to go to the Florida School for the Deaf and Blind at St. Augustine to continue his schooling and to await the time the doctors would summon him for a miracle operation that would restore his sight. The school taught him some valuable lessons. He recalls that he had to wrestle the school's top man, before they accepted him as an equal. He was foreign to these boys who had spent nearly all their lives at the school. He found out that people are pretty much the same the world over, handicapped or not.

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Some, such as the handicapped, have more specialized problems. He felt he was fortunate to have had his vision for sixteen years. He gradually became more confident in his new life. Perhaps more than anything he found that confidence begets confidence. He began to practice a little creed. As a blind person he would become confident in work, walk and manner. He felt strongly that a handicapped person who let timidity reign soon became overpowered by this high pressure world.

At St. Augustine he was surprised to find upon graduating that with determination, plus some financial assistance, he could continue on and go to college. He chose Stetson University, because it wasn't far from home and was a small, friendly school.

With the help of his Seeing Eye dog, Katje, and his knack with words, he became a campus leader. "Bob" became a popular guy aided and assisted by his snappy, confident walk, his dark lean good looks, and clean-cut appearance. He was editor of the college newspaper, the campus magazine, and vice-president of the student body. He was an honor student and on the dean's list. Two students served as his readers, reading the daily assignments aloud to him.

After graduation, he became publicity director for Stetson University, as well as professor of journalism there. Then he branched out into newspaper work, starting as a reporter for a daily paper which printed a morning and evening edition.

"The editor was very worried when he interviewed me for the job, and kept asking how I would write up a fire", Mr. Barnett recalls, "The second World War was going on and the editor was desperate. He relented and gave me the job when I told him that I could get a vivid picture of any fire by asking the fire chief, and could quote him in full detail. During the four years that I worked

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for the paper, we never had a major fire. A couple of hurricanes, murders and elections, but no fire of importance."

From journalism he changed to rehabilitation work, joining the newly-formed Florida Council for the Blind as a rehabilitation specialist. Later, he became executive director of the Florida program and held that position for nearly four years. In 1949 he came to New York City to serve the Foundation as its executive director.

Having grown up in Florida, the past few years in New York have brought quite a few experiences, necessitating adjustments to climate as well as the "Yankee" methods of living, and commuting.

Mr. Barnett lives in the suburban town of Short Hills, New Jersey, with his wife and two children Bobbie and Sylvia, seven and eight. He has learned that to avoid that "house-bound" feeling in the winter, a good Yankee must have a hobby or two. He has taken an increased interest in carpentry and can fashion tables from odd bits of lumber, and has a great skill in separating the radio controls from the speakers. Although the radio controls are beside his chair, the sound can be switched from one end of the room to the other. He stops at nothing. If Mrs. Barnett notices that a rubber ice bag is missing from the medicine chest, reflects for a minute, and then remembers that a recent annoying rattle in the car has ceased to bother her, she knows that when she lifts the hood of the engine, she will find parts of the bag making fine cushioners against the noise.

One of the biggest assets a handicapped person can have, according to Mr. Barnett, is a sense of humor. It is a saving grace on many occasions. "Especially if your wife is absent-minded enough to forget to mention that she is going to the rest room and pilots you by the right arm into the plush

diggings of Radio City Music Hall's 'Powder Room'!" Blindness came to the rescue that time. Mrs. Barnett stood there horrified at the glances of the offended women. Mr. Barnett eased her mortification a shred by suggesting: "Just tell them it's all right, that I can't see!"

As executive director of the American Foundation for the Blind he is still learning the intricacies of directing this tremendous clearing house for matters of national and international importance to blind as well as deaf-blind persons, and Mr. Barnett does not profess to have all the answers to the major problems. However, he is constantly seeking these answers.

"The happiest day of my life will be the day that someone can come into my office and give me solutions to all our problems. I'll gladly go out of business," he says.

Of the handicapped, deaf-blind persons in his opinion are the most isolated group in America. However, they are breaking down the barriers of this isolation themselves with the help of others, and are therefore the most courageous group.

Speaking of the Foundation's efforts for helping deaf-blind persons, Mr. Barnett believes that it is only through suggestions and new ideas from the handicapped themselves that any program can improve.

-----ooOoo-----

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH BAKING SODA

by

Margaret E. Bly

When I was first married, like so many I knew absolutely nothing about cooking, but still I had kept an eight-room house for my parents for five years or more.

Well, about a week after Harry and I were married, he brought home some fresh, green peas. I had heard many times that it took a long time to cook peas, but if baking soda was added they'd soften in half the time! Of course, not knowing how much soda to add, what did I do but dump a whole tablespoonful into the kettle after I had removed the peas from the 'shaps'. Then what happened? Yep, you guessed it! The peas flew out all over the stove, floor and what not! Well, I cleaned that mess up, added more water and allowed them to cook slowly for about an hour. Then I added potatoes which cooked for about the same length of time.

When we were ready to eat, I added milk and butter, salt and pepper. But do you know what was wrong with 'em? They were so darn strong with soda that we could not eat them, and besides, there was nothing left but plain broth!

Since then I have found many wonderful uses for soda, but not to put in peas again! Oh, I guess most of us learn the hard way, but never forget what we do learn.

I've had many "shocking experiences" since I became deaf, but we all do. However, believe it or not, the first pork chops I fried had to be chopped with an ax, and the first pie I baked had to be cut with a hacksaw. But things are ever so much different now that I can cook everything and anything without any trouble, and even bake for the church, school, and girl-scouts' parties - and really enjoy doing it!

POSTMARKED - NORTH CAROLINA

Dear Miss Dinsmore:

Like a direct touch across the miles between us, your letter brightened my path, and bestirred me to renewed activity. For it so happened, it came at a time when a sense of aloneness was rather oppressive. Nay, not loneliness! Verily, I never get lonely! Being habituated from teen-age years to spend much time alone and apart, I gratefully testify to the truth of the poet's words:

They who walk with Christ from day to day
Can never know a solitary way.

The comfort of real companionship and comradeship which growing consciousness of His presence affords, is a crowning mystery of the Eternal Kingdom. And I wonder how many isolated fellow-disciples avail themselves of this glorious privilege to cultivate intimate friendship with the Great Divine! Nevertheless, "As deep calleth unto deep" the human heart sometimes calls for the kindred human. This, too, is a gift from God!

/s/ Evangeline R. Hunter

HIS WORD TO ONE - APART

I stood on a bleak stretch, far apart
Viewing thronged ways of this world;
With a quick-throbbing and longing heart,
To plunge in its life-pools, swirled

God knew and well understood my thoughts-
A lone soul's unuttered cry-
And a voice, with deep sympathy fraught,
Gave this clear, calming reply:

"Others may ride life's high-rising tide;
I seek not for thine, but thee;
So as thou art, dwell now here, Abide,
And draw e'er closer to me!"

Bertie Marshall (E. R. H.)

PEANUT SHELLS

by

Burnie Devine

Somebody had been squealing, there was no other way to dope it. A number of jobs had been crabbed, and others solved; and those connected with them were doing time 'up the river'.

In checking it over, the finger of suspicion pointed to Willie the Welcher, as the most likely party. Willie was just a 'punk' - a gushy guy who told everything he knew to the first person who asked him. He had been 'sent up', but had been 'sprung' in six months, and in the check-up it was found that just about the time Willie got out, things began to go sour..... and the underworld decided to do something about it at once.

Late one evening, a cop stumbled over a body on a dark and deserted street. At the hospital the man was identified as Willie the Welcher, with a slug in his back. Before he died, he told the nurse he thought it was Peanut Pete who 'got him'.

When Pete was picked up, he denied all knowledge of the crime, saying he had spent the entire evening with his beloved wife at the Sneak Inn, five miles away from the scene of the crime.

In checking Pete's alibi, the Police found he was lying, and that he hadn't been near the Sneak Inn since the night two months before, when his wife had stuck a fork in his shoulder after she caught him kissing a 'giggle gal'. So, Pete was put in the can, pending developments.

Charlie Chatter, cub reporter for the Drawbridge Daily Snooze, had been assigned to the case, and during the course of his investigation had found an

empty cartridge shell on the flat top of a building. When the distance was measured from the roof to the spot where the body of Willie was found, it was discovered that it was within easy shooting range. While the slug they had dug out of Willie's body exactly fitted the empty cartridge shell, that was all! In the weeks that followed, Charlie had been unable to find any further clues.

Now the trial was only a week away and the Drawbridge Daily Snooze claimed the case against Pete was a frame-up, and predicted he would be acquitted. There were also many unfavorable comments concerning Charlie.

Several days before the case was scheduled to open, Charlie stopped in to see his friend, Billy Black. They cussed and discussed the case and Charlie finally said, "If I don't get more evidence the case is going to be a wash-out and I'll be a flop".

"Didn't you find anything else on the roof?" Billy asked.

"No", said Charlie, "there's nothing but a lot of old trash lying around up there. Well, I gotta go".

"So long", said Billy, "if I think of anything, I'll let you know".

"Okay", said Charlie.

The night before the trial, Billy called Charlie and asked him to come right over.

When Charlie arrived, Billy talked very rapidly for a few minutes, after which they went to see Mr. Ketchum, the Prosecutor.

The courtroom was crowded, for whenever a case was to be tried in Judge Sockum's court, with Mr. Ketchum as Prosecutor, and Mr. Slick as Defense Attorney, unexpected things very often happened.

Mr. Ketchum presented the case. Willie the Welcher had been shot, but before his death had named Peanut Pete as the 'trigger man'. A cartridge shell

had been found on the roof of a building within easy shooting distance of the spot where the body had been found. The bullet taken from Willie's body fitted the empty shell, and although Pete had said he was at the Sneak Inn at the time of the crime, his story was found to be false. Mr. Ketchum therefore asked for a conviction.

Mr. Slick then took over. He pointed out that even though the bullet seemed to fit the empty cartridge, that fact didn't prove anything, as the cartridge was of standard size and would fit almost any gun. He further stated, regarding Pete's alibi, that the fact that he said he was at the Sneak Inn, when he was not, did not prove anything either. He continued, a person may say or do things when they are gripped by fear, that they would not do under ordinary circumstances. Therefore, he demanded that the Prosecution produce conclusive evidence, or release his client.

"Since the Defense asks for conclusive evidence", said Mr. Ketchum rising, "I'll give it to him."

"Mr. Black, please take the stand", said Mr. Ketchum.

Billy Black arose and was guided to the chair. (As perhaps you may recall, Billy is a blind man.)

"Tell us your story", said Mr. Ketchum.

"Yes, Sir", said Billy.

"When Charlie told me about the case it occurred to me that perhaps there might be other evidence besides the empty cartridge. It often happens that the fingers can find what the eyes may overlook. I asked a friend of mine to take me over to the roof of the building, and I stood on the spot from which the shot was fired. While standing there my feet touched something that crunched and

crackled, and stooping down I picked up a handful of peanut shells. As they ran through my fingers, I noticed that they were very crisp and brittle, unlike the hard tough shells we usually buy. It occurred to me that perhaps the man who had shot Willie had stood there eating peanuts while waiting, and I thought if I could find the place where these peanuts had been purchased, it might be possible to identify the man."

"Wait a minute", yelled Mr. Slick jumping to his feet, "what sort of foolishness is this? Trying to convict my client with peanut shells, the very idea! It's absurd and reminds me of the Comic Strip detectives."

The gavel banged. "Mr. Slick", roared Judge Ketchum, "you asked for proof and now you want to stop the witness. I must say I am surprised that you put in your time reading Comic Strips. If you interrupt again, I will send you up for contempt and you can read Comic Strips instead of running against me this fall."

Mr. Slick sat down. There were loud chuckles from the courtroom.

"Go on with your story", said Mr. Ketchum to Billy.

"I visited a number of stores in the neighborhood where peanuts are sold", said Billy, "but it was not until I bought some from Pop on the corner, that I found shells like the ones I had picked up on the roof."

"I think", continued Billy, "it would be well to let Pop tell the rest of the story."

Pop Peddler had been selling peanuts on the corner for more than thirty years and was well known to most of the audience.

"The reason my peanuts are different from those sold elsewhere", said Pop "is because I soak them in water first. That helps them to roast slowly and makes the shells crisp and brittle. I am absolutely sure the peanut shells found on the roof of that building came from my stand."

"Where's your proof", Mr. Slick demanded.

"It's this-a-way", says Pop. "Pete buys peanuts from me almost every day, and sometimes he buys them two and three times a day. Just before dark, the night Willie was bumped off, Pete bought a sack, and then about nine o'clock the same night, he comes around and buys another sack. While I was making change, I heard something fall. It sounded like metal hitting on metal. Right after Pete left, a car turned the corner and its lights flashed on something shining in the sewer head. So I goes over, reached down and look at what I find!"

Reaching into his pocket, Pop drew out a blue-steel automatic and holds it up for all to see.

Mr. Ketchum took the gun and placed it on the table. Opening the magazine he found seven loaded cartridges in the clip, and taking the empty cartridge shell found on the roof, slips it in. A perfect fit!

There was a hushed silence in the courtroom.

Then Pop spoke again. "After my talk with Billy, we went over to the roof again and in a corner, look at what I found!" He held up a ball of paper.

Mr. Ketchum smoothed out the crumpled ball and it was found to be an empty peanut sack, and on the back was printed "Pop's Popular Peanuts".

Without leaving their seats, the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty".

And so a blind man caught a criminal by his sense of touch - and peanut shells!

The end.

THIS AND THAT FROM TEXAS

by

Abbie M. Corman

TURKEY WINGS, RATS AND OTHER THINGS -- !

No doubt the world knows that the famous "Turkey Trot" originated in Texas, but I think the silly waltz of the same name originated in a New York dance hall or so-called "night club". But anyway, the Texas Turkey Trot had its beginning at Cuero, DeWitt County, Texas, back in the 1900's, I believe.

Thousands of those regal birds were trotted to market on their own, late in October and early November. Poor birds! They did not know as they trotted jauntily along the dusty roads that they were en route to the slaughter pens of various packing houses and when next heard of would be gracing the festive boards of American families who wouldn't know it was Thanksgiving or that they had anything to be thankful for, if they couldn't have their turkey dinner!

A small boy, upon being asked by his teacher to name and describe our national bird, promptly replied: "Turkey, he struts, gobbles, and tries to walk all over everything - he's the boss bird", wasn't far wrong!

A little girl wanted to know what became of all the turkey wings and the tails of those turkeys going down the road. Her older brother spoke up and said: "Aw, don't ya know a turkey-tail duster when ya sees one? Mommy has one hung on the kitchen wall to scare the rats!"

Yes, and I remember when turkey wing fans were very popular with elderly ladies like my grandmother, who wore them to the little country church, dangling from their right wrists by gaily colored ribbons. And my grandmother kept one hanging on a nail by the fireplace and used it to sweep the hearth nice and clean.

Recently I was told that someone living in one of the Midwestern States had remarked: "Those Texans think they are it and have the best of everything - even have the best rats - better rats than any of us have!" Well, now, I do say! Ain't it the truth! Texas does have some really fine rats with mighty long tails which, it is claimed, they use to whip the cats, as well as smaller rats. We have the big, blue-white bellied rat which is said to have come over with the returning servicemen. He is vicious when cornered, and very pugnacious. I have seen him fight a cat and a small dog. My blue Maltese cat, Cidaella, cornered one in the kitchen one morning and for a time it looked like he would get away. He stood up on his hind legs, jumped at her, and bit and scratched her nose; but when she got tired of the fun she squashed him mighty quick.

We also have the big gray wood rat--the bane of poultry raisers--and a handful for any cat to tackle. They are usually hunted by small dogs trained for that purpose. When I lived on the West Texas Plains, the ranchers and school boys, with their rat dogs, would stage a rat hunt on Saturdays. One day they were at our place and everything was going fine when, suddenly, one of the men began yelling like one possessed of a demon. We gals ran to see what was wrong. He was holding tight to one pant-leg and hopping around on one foot, frantically trying to get the top of his waistband loosened. When he saw us he yelled: "You gals get back to the house. I gotta pull my breeches off!" A huge red rat had run up his trouser-leg and he was afraid to turn it loose for fear it would bite. Yes, Sir, Texas is great for rats, too! You just can't get ahead of Texas!

She also has the little pack rat, who always tries to "swap" fair. And then there are many other varieties - you may have your choice of 'em!

The big Eastern laboratories have their eyes on Texas rats!

BETSIE BARKS

Hello, how are you? I am fine.

Do you know about air raids? We had one the other night, but my boss told me it was just a pretend air raid. There were loud whistles everywhere that went up and down and hurt my ears. I sat down and put my nose in the air and howled and howled and howled. My boss said I sounded worse than the sirens, that is the name of those whistles, but I couldn't help it. Then a lot of planes flew across the sky and there was still some noise, but the sirens stopped for a while. I watched the planes and was glad not to be up there with them because they might bump into each other. Pretty soon the sirens came again and I sat down and howled louder than the first time. My boss said I wouldn't be much help if there were a real air raid if I did nothing but howl. But she doesn't know that you just have to howl when sirens hurt your ears. I wondered why she didn't howl too. I hope we don't have any air raids, or any more pretend ones, either.

The other day when we were coming to the office, there was a great big hole in the middle of the street and lots of men and trucks everywhere. We had to go around all of them and I was surprised because there was never a hole there before. Some one told us that the night before a water main pipe had burst and there had been water all over the streets for blocks. The water was gone in the street when we walked there, but there was no water at the office either - all day. The elevator wouldn't run because the water had spoiled it somehow and we had to walk upstairs to the fourth floor. I like the stairs, but my boss doesn't and I always want to go much faster up them than she will let me. The men fixed the hole and the pipe and everything is all right again. But it was exciting!

We are getting ready to go on a trip. I know this because my boss had the big suitcase out and she is sorting out things. I hope we don't go in a train because I am afraid of trains. I hope we meet some deaf-blind friends. I hope my boss remembers to pack my rubber bone and my dish. I hope the lady on the airplane gives me some meat again. I am glad I don't have to pick out clothes because my boss has so much trouble deciding about them.

This is all the news I have just now. I can't tell you about our trip because we haven't taken it yet. We have had some nice long walks around here though, and people smile at me.

Thank you and good-bye.

Betsie Dinsmore

HEARD ON THE RADIO

WEIGHT IN GOLD

A man recently arranged to have his aged mother cared for in a nursing home and he visits her twice a week. Each time he brings her delicacies from the farm, including thermos bottle of fresh milk in which he slips a little brandy, on advice of the family doctor. The old lady is always delighted with the lunches and the other day, as she sipped the milk, said with a twinkle in her eye: "Oh John, don't EVER sell that cow!"

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IN A PINCH

A straightforward young woman married a sentimental young man.

"My darling, " the latter said, "surely I can't be worthy of you."

"Of course not," she replied, "but when a girl's been twenty-three for six years, she would be silly to be too particular, wouldn't she?"

- - - - -

JUST ONE

"Now frankly," the surgeon warned, "I must inform you that this is a very serious operation. Four out of five patients die under it. Is there anything I can do for you before I begin?"

"Yes," said the patient, "help me on with my shoes and pants."

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HONEST PROFIT

Jones took the ticket the agent gave him, picked up his change, and walked away. A few minutes later he was back at the window.

"I say," he said to the clerk, "you gave me the wrong change just now."

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"Sorry, Sir," said the agent with a shrug of his shoulders, "it cannot be rectified now. You should have called my attention to it when you bought your ticket."

"That's all right," said Jones, you gave me five dollars too much."

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P. C. Potts

TOUCH-AND GO

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TOUCH-AND GO

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THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH

How well I recall those church suppers
The Ladies Aid held in our town,
The girl friend and I came early
Always first among those to sit down.

Such baked beans and scalloped potatoes,
Such pies with a tender brown crust,
When we arose from the table
We were just about ready to bust.

After the supper was over -
While the girls cleared the dishes away
The room buzzed with brisk conversation
Concerning the news of the day.

Then they gathered round a small table
Each tried to bid in her own cake
Or some other remnant of foodstuffs
The hungry hords left in its wake.

Many years have passed - bringing changes
Since the girl friend became my dear wife,
We moved to the noisy city
And are leading a quite different life.

Sometimes as we sit reminiscing
We think of those suppers and sigh,
It's such a grand American custom
We hope that it never will die!

---S. C. Simonton

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

In a few weeks the suspense will all be over and we shall know who the next occupant of the White House will be. At present, the candidates are running around the country making what is called "whistle stops." During a whistle stop a candidate delivers a speech from the rear platform of his train to the assembled townspeople so that they have a chance to hear and see him in person. In spite of all the modern facilities for reaching the public--radio, television, et cetera--these direct contacts seem to have an important place in the effectiveness of a campaign. Radio reports are given daily of the various whistle stops and I find myself checking mentally the places where Betsie and I have been. In addition, I recognize towns where one or more deaf-blind people live and I wonder if anyone has given you a blow-by-blow description of the local excitement.

It has been a long time since you have had a report on our trips and activities. The last one was early in the summer--Wisconsin, Iowa, and the A.A.W.B. Convention at Louisville, Kentucky. The stay in Wisconsin was short because it was the first visit there, but we have been asked to come back later for a complete field trip with the workers. In Iowa we did have a detailed trip, driving around the state. Unfortunately, due to illness, Betsie missed most of it, and several deaf-blind friends were disappointed not to meet her. In Louisville the committee meeting on education of deaf-blind children was far too short to accomplish much, but interest was stimulated and a longer session is being planned for some time during the coming year. In October we will go to Colorado and Wyoming, with one or two special stops on the return trip.

The greatest significance actually is the reaction of people everywhere toward the problem of deaf-blindness--a reaction of interest and inquiry which is directly reflected in the volume and type of mail received in our office. Several agencies have asked for assistance in setting up a program for deaf-blind people and innumerable requests have come in for advice in helping individuals. The term "deaf-blind" is gradually having more meaning to people generally, although we have only made a dent in the public's unawareness. The road ahead is entirely uphill with many a block which will require careful detouring, but perhaps some day we shall at least be able to see the summit and look back upon steady, though slow progress. You yourselves, the deaf-blind people of this country, will never fully realize how much your encouragement and confidence has helped along the way.

Annette B. Dinsmore

PERSONALLY YOURS

by

Our Roving Reporter

What of Bob? Since a long article in the June, 1950 issue, when Robert Smithdas graduated from St. John's University and his educational career was described, "TAG" has lost track of Bob. Bob was much too busy for an actual interview, so we asked him to put the story in his own words. Here he tells us what has been happening to him since he stepped out into the stage of life.

"I remember that Edgar A. Guest wrote:

'I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know'.

I think that is an admirable turn of phrase, and I hope the poet lives to realize his dream. However, not having lived with myself very long, I am still wondering whether there is anything worthwhile to be known about me. I still have a long way to go before I can say the same thing as Mr. Guest.

"Anyway, when I graduated from St. John's University in June, 1950, I tucked my sheepskin under one arm, a suitcase under the other, and scooted off to summer school in Michigan. For six weeks I studied courses on the subject of blindness and social work; and in the afternoon, after classes were over, I had several hours of corrective speech therapy. I enjoyed the classes, in spite of the unusually hot weather, but I was also glad when my vacation finally gave me a temporary recess from school life.

"Incidentally, I met Miss Dinsmore in Michigan, and we had quite a long conversation one evening before she left. First we had a wonderful dinner, then we gossiped for hours, talking about deaf-blind people she has met

during her travels. I think "Miss Annette" is a grand person, truly interested in her work for the deaf-blind, and she has a charming sense of humor.

"When I returned to Brooklyn in September, I was appointed an instructor in our training program, where I spent several months training three deaf-blind men for regular employment. At the same time, I enrolled for my Master's degree at New York University. I spent six months with our training Center, meanwhile attending my college classes at night, and doing most of my studying during week-ends.

"Then the Home began its program to educate the public about blindness and our work for the blind. I was given the choice of remaining with our deaf-blind department, or joining our public relations service. I chose the latter, because I believed that I might be more useful to our cause of telling our sighted friends that blindness is only a disadvantage, not a complete disability. It was a difficult decision for me, but I am convinced that it was all for the best. And so, rather suddenly, I found myself lecturing before church and school groups and service clubs.

"more recently, I've also been given the task of making my own appointments to speak to these groups. Accompanied by my old friend, John Spainer, who also went to college with me, I can be seen trotting along the streets of Brooklyn--and sometimes limping, too! But I really enjoy my work--every moment of it. There is a real thrill in knowing that you have helped seeing people to understand that blind people are normal, and that blindness is not the end of the road. It also gives me a great deal of pleasure when I have an opportunity to tell them about some of our deaf-blind people, too; they are always surprised and happy to learn that even a double handicap need not be a real horror to success in life.

being the only one in the family who is a good person. I have been told that the family is a good one, but I have not seen it. I have been told that the family is a good one, but I have not seen it.

But in one thing I am sure, that I am a good person. I have been told that the family is a good one, but I have not seen it. I have been told that the family is a good one, but I have not seen it.

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"During the past two years, I haven't had much time for social life, except when I had a free week-end or a summer holiday. I used to love amateur wrestling, but now I have very little time to practice it. Instead, I joined our Light Buoy Deep Sea Fishing Club--and now I am an inveterate fisherman, ready and willing to go out on the sea whenever someone promises that the fish will be biting. I also attend our dances at the Recreation Centre here in Brooklyn, although I am not too facile as a dancer. And when there is a free evening from lecturing and school, I usually spend it by reading or playing cards with our deaf-blind men here at the Industrial Home. All in all, I've come to the conclusion that life is a wonderful experience; you just have to give it time to soak in. The only time when life is dull is when you can't think of anything to keep you busy--and that is not too often, if you really try to think.

"If I've achieved anything worthwhile in my life, I owe most of it to my friends along the way. Gratitude is something you can't write about, or talk about; it comes straight from the heart. I admit that being deaf-blind is rather ^adull affair; but I also like to remember how much pleasure and kindness I have had, and all those friends who have made life worth living. There's a silver lining in every cloud, if you really look for one."

During the past few years I have been very busy with my work.

Since then I have been very busy with my work.

During the past few years I have been very busy with my work.

Since then I have been very busy with my work.

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During the past few years I have been very busy with my work.

SMITH IS THE NAME

by

Richard Kinney

Pocahontas had her John, but the Smith in my life is named Ronald. You'll find us strolling together across the Mount Union campus almost any day this fall.

No, contrary to appearances, the big, strapping blond with the curly hair and football shoulders is not my bodyguard, though he makes a handy chap for running interference in the chow line. Rather, he is my guide-manualist-roommate-friend for the college year ahead. (Anyone who can combine these qualities in one word, please wire collect.)

Nor is Ron's similarity to a star left end purely coincidental. Souvenir of a halfback's knee, that piquant pug nose is but one of many mementoes from his playing days at London High, where his admirers still insist he cracked two opponents' ribs for every one of his own. "Legally, of course," he adds with meticulous caution.

Despite this bone-crunching background, Ron is far from a rip-snorting bruiser. His manual is as relaxed as the proverbial poached egg on toast, and "stroll" is the word for his walk. Considering the difference in the length of our legs, hallelujah!

An average student, majoring in pre-engineering, Ron makes no claim to being the intellectual type. But two of his favorite games are chess and contract bridge--and you know what that means.

Ron has never read a book on "understanding the deaf-blind" and says he doesn't mean to. In his admirable psychology, "People are just people; deaf-blind or not."

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Perhaps Ron's matter-of-fact attitude toward the double handicap goes back in part to the circumstance that one of his own uncles was deaf with a visual defect. "Uncle taught me something about lipreading," he recalls. "Came in handy in football. Sometimes I could steal the other team's signals--legally, of course."

It isn't an easy job he's tackling now, but I've a feeling that when the going gets rough, Mr. Smith will be a helpful guy to have around.

Legally, oc course!

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THIS AND THAT FROM TEXAS

by

Abbie M. Corman

HAIL, OCTOBER

Hail, October, with your clear blue skies,
Cool, unsmiling,
Like my sweetheart's eyes.

Hail, October! : Your blue-golden days so fair,
Shimmering golden,
Like my sweatheat's hair. ✓

Hail, October! With your witchery and wiles,
But cold and distant,
Like my sweetheart's smiles.

Hail, October! with the voice of a cooing dove,
But fickle, capricious,
Like my sweetheart's love.

- - - - -

Hello, Hello! Texas calling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling. Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up there, or you won't get under the wire! Oh, well, maybe I can do the pole-vault stunt and get over it, landing in the middle of October, the golden month, where I prefer to be. Apropos of nothing, in particular, this is just a general "after-vacation letter," because it has been so sizzling hot down here in Texas that I think our brains are numbed by the heat. But, thank goodness, October is just around the corner and cooler days are at hand. Yes, October is this scribe's favorite of Dame Nature's twelve children. I have always wished I had been born in October, but the nearest I could come to it was to have the Zodiac sign or constellation of Scorpio rising at the hour of birth, thus endowing me with many of the characteristics said to belong to October. Years ago I studied astrology and astronomy, and could erect maps of the heavens, horoscopes they were called, and traced the course

100

of the major planets. It was just a pastime study, but I found it very interesting, as well as instructive.

I picked October as the Golden Month, because it is the full fruition of the year, symbolized by the Horn of Plenty. But my October is symbolized by a Golden Girl, her golden hair floating on the breeze, golden robes trailing around her golden-slippered feet, upon her arm a basket of gayly-colored leaves which she scatters through the woodlands as she goes. That is my concept of October--if I were painting her picture.

Notwithstanding all old sayings to the contrary, October-born people are lucky even though they may have to battle handicaps for the Scorpion stings but it is up to you to free the nature of dross and bring out the golden beauty of the soul. So I say again--Hail, October!

When gay October trips over the hills

On golden-slippered dancing feet,

The great heart of Nature thrills

This favorite child of hers to greet.

-----oooOooo-----

OUR TEA'S NOT SO 'OT TO BRITON

(and 3 U. S. Beers Shoot Busman Skyward)

by

Murray Robinson
Staff Writer
New York World-Telegram & Sun

Of all his memories of the United States, the most vivid, to Albert C. Dennis, of London, will always be his first visit to a New York restaurant.

"Tea, please," he told the waitress.

"Hot or cold?" she inquired, between gum-snaps.

"'Ot or WOT?" Mr. Dennis repeated in amazement.

"Hot or cold," the waitress repeated. "You know, iced tea."

"I could have fallen off my chair backwards," Mr. Dennis recalled yesterday. "I knew Americans drink iced beer. But iced TEA! I never..."

8000-Mile Tour.

Mr. Dennis, 34 and red-haired, is an electrician. He comes from the Lambeth district of London. He is one of ten London bus drivers and mechanics who have just finished an 8000-mile American good-will cross-country tour in three double-deck London buses.

This morning, the British caravan left New York for a Canadian tour, sponsored, as was their just completed trip, by the British Travel Association and the London Transport Executive which operates London's buses and subways.

The subject of tea came up as the British busmen cut up some culinary touches--American and British--yesterday in the offices of the association at 336 Madison Avenue.

Not Even 'Otted Hup!

"When that waitress brought my 'ot tea," Mr. Dennis said, "I had another shock. What she brought was a lukewarm cup of water with a teabag in the saucer! Now, really We never use teabags. We make tea in a tea-pot. First you 'ot the pot with a little boiling water. Then you put in a spoonful of tea for each cup and one for the pot. Then you pour boiling water into the pot and let it steep. That's real tea!"

"Another thing," Mr. Dennis added. "We drink tea with milk and sugar. The milk and sugar go into the cup first, then the tea."

"There's a superstition about that," said Edwin Hearne, 54, a bluff Londoner, who has been driving a bus since 1923. "They say if you put the milk in last, you'll have ginger-haired children."

The deep, solemn voice of George Gwynn, a 61-year-old busman who has been piloting 'em since 1912, cut in.

Fine Country

"This is a fine country," Mr. Gwynn intoned. "Generous people, wonderful resources, plentiful food. But why cawn't we get brussel sprouts anywhere in America? Brussel sprouts is what we missed most on our trip."

"They not only taste fine," he added, "but they are full of vita-mins. We missed them."

"Aye, that we did," said Mr. Hearne.

Edwin Uwins, bus mechanic on the tour, sighed and said: "Ah, a real British Sunday dinner of roast beef, brussel sprouts and Yorkshire pudding..."

Fascinating Eating

Albert O'Connell, also a mechanic, said he had been fascinated by American eating habits. "I am not criticizing, mind you," he said cautiously,

"but some Americans eat as though they were too tired to eat, the way they rest one elbow on the table and work with only one tool--a fork."

"We keep knife and fork going at all times," Mr. Dennis explained.

All the busmen said they had tasted hot dogs and hamburgers and found them fine, except that the hot dogs were often too spicy for their tastes.

"Our snack bars, or lunch counters, don't sell them," said Mr. Dennis, "but we do have snacks, 'S.P.O.' for example. That's sausage, potatoes and onions. Then, of course, we have fish and chips."

A Bloomin' Mess, Wot?

Mr. Dennis said he was startled by American "hot sandwiches."

"I ordered a 'ot turkey sandwich one day," he declared, "expecting some hot slices of turkey between two slices of bread. Why wot d'ya think I got? It was a whole PLATE: Turkey, bread, vegetables.. and GRIVY -"

Mr. Hearne said American cookery was about the same from here to California, but a bout with Mexican food in Los Angeles threw him. His mates nodded assent.

"It was blazing hot to the mouth," Mr. Hearne observed. "And one of the delicacies seemed to be made of sand and cement."

Mr. Hearne added that Americans, with some of the best food in the world, often spoil it by dousing it with sauces and condiments. Mr. Gwynn hastened to point out that this was not to be taken as a knock against this fine country.

About Dryness and Wetting.

"I have a theory about why Americans chew gum incessantly," the dauntless Mr. Hearne observed. "I have noticed my throat is always dry here. Chewing gum relieves this dryness."

They were surprised at it in London, but they were glad to see it, and they were glad to see it.

The first thing that they saw when they came to the city was the city.

It was a very beautiful city, and they were very much interested in it.

They were very much interested in it, and they were very much interested in it.

They were very much interested in it, and they were very much interested in it.

The first thing that they saw

It was a very beautiful city, and they were very much interested in it.

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The first thing that they saw

It was a very beautiful city, and they were very much interested in it.

They were very much interested in it, and they were very much interested in it.

The mention of dry throats turned the talk to whistle-wetting. "My favorite here," said Mr. Gwynn solemnly, "is Bourbon with a drop of soda."

"I fawncy beer," Mr. Hearne said, "but three iced bottles and you're airborne."

Mr. Hearne noted that gin, in England, is referred to as "mother's ruin," and on this note, the meeting adjourned.

-----oooOooo-----

Editor's Note

This amusing story appeared in the New York World-Telegram & Sun, a few weeks ago. Because we liked it so very much, we received permission from the Newspaper to reprint it.

The purpose of the present study was to determine the effect of the amount of time spent in the laboratory on the results of the experiment. The results of the experiment are shown in Table I. The results of the experiment are shown in Table I.

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TABLE I

Results of the experiment

The results of the experiment are shown in Table I. The results of the experiment are shown in Table I.

BETSY BARKS

Hello! Here I am, back under the desk, while my "Boss" is answering thousands of letters! It is noisy here. The telephone rings, the typewriter clatters, and the braille writer bangs. I wish I could hear the birds and dig a hole in the sand. We had a good vacation and everyone is surprised that I look so white and my boss looks so brown. I wrote a letter to Terry Tinker in answer to his, and I am showing it to you because it tells about our holiday. I hope you will like it.

- - -

"Spray Beach, New Jersey
September 2, 1952

Dear Terry:

Thank you for your letter about Rincon Hill Farm and your vacation. I am glad you had a good time there. Spray Beach is wonderful, too. I think it is the nicest place of all, but I will not say so because I am too polite. There is the beach with sand where you can dig big holes, and the jumping water where my boss likes to swim, with birds and flowers and grass and wind and wonderful smells everywhere. Then there is the bay where the water is quiet and little boats with white sails are all around. I like to play in the bay water and race in and out of it. When my boss and her friends go crabbing in the bay, I try to catch the lines when they throw them out, but they throw too far for me. My boss caught a great big crab one day, that is, the crab took hold of her line and when she pulled him in, someone put a net under him and caught him that way. I was excited because he wiggled. Do you know that a crab can bite you? I am afraid to get near one, and so is my boss!

I was sorry the cat chased you at the Farm. There is a pretty black

cat "Rusty" at Spray Beach, too, but we are good friends. Sometimes I steal her food, she eats so slowly, but sometimes she sits beside it to guard it and then she spits at me if I come too close. One day there was a dangerous roar of thunder and I started to go to my boss for protection, when Rusty jumped over to me and put her paws around my neck. She was scared, too, but she thought I was brave! I think Rusty likes me.

You and Louise Rauch are back in New York now. My boss and I will soon come home too, but it is fun now to be lazy and sleep in the sun. Some day I will let you play with my new toys--four rubber hot dogs. They are wonderful for playing tug-o-war. You can catch them easily, and they bounce, too!

With sniffs and wags for you, with love,

Betsie"

Some of you knew I was sick out in Iowa and my boss had to leave me for five days in a place called a dog hospital. I was too sick to care that she left me, but when she came back I was much better and it was wonderful to see her again. I feel safe with my boss, and she really needs me, too! I thought you might like to know that I am fine now and the doctor is pleased with me.

Some of you have asked about Aunt Helen. I told about her in June "TAG". Years ago, my boss's mother went to school with her. She is a good friend and not really an aunt, but we call her Aunt Helen. She is very good to my boss, and she loves me, too! She bought a bed just for me to use when we visit her.

Good-bye for now.

Betsie Dinsmore

and thought it better to stay here, and so I stayed. Sometimes I wish
that I could see you and know how you are getting on. I hope
you are well and happy. I am well and happy. I hope you are
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A N N O U N C E M E N T

Announcing "Skylark's" Third International
Literary Competition for the Deaf-Blind.

Mr. Leopold Dubov and his "Braille Musicians" are again sponsoring "Skylark's" literary show. This will be in three sections:

POETRY - Your own choice of subject and type of verse; sixteen-line limit.

SHORT STORY - Your own choice of subject and style of writing; limit length six typed pages, making about nine pages--nine by twelve size or equivalent--of braille.

ARTICLE - Any subject and style of treatment; limit length three typed pages, making about five braille pages.

Writers may enter manuscripts in all three sections and send as many entries as they wish.

Prizes: In all three sections the first prize will be ten dollars; the second prize five dollars; these are considered U. S. prizes and will be duplicated for foreign entries meriting award.

RULES: Please send your entries in both braille and type; typing double-spaced between the lines and on one side of the paper only; braille on reasonably heavy paper; no pen-names this time; write your own name and address at the top of both type and braille copy; and send both to Skylark Editor, (Miss Lillian E. Cunradi) 721 Williamson Street, Madison 3, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

The closing date to receive manuscripts will be November 1, 1953. The winners will be announced in the January, 1954 issue of "Skylark".

APPENDIX

Memorandum of Understanding
Between the Government of the United States
and the Government of the Republic of China

The Government of the United States and the Government of the Republic of China have agreed to enter into a Memorandum of Understanding which shall be signed by the President of the United States and the President of the Republic of China.

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Dr. Philip Clive Potts, Educational Consultant of the American Foundation for the Blind, has kindly consented to act again as judge. Please give him lots of good reading!

- - - - -

Editor's Note

At Miss Cunradi's request, we wish to state that if Dr. Potts cannot get all the entries read and judged in time to announce them in the January, 1954 "Lark" issue, they will appear in the April, 1954 "Skylark".

- - - - -

HEARD ON THE RADIO

DEFINITION OF A BABY:

An angel whose wings decrease as his legs increase.

LIVING:

Sweet Young Wife: "Now over in this corner we want to have a love seat. And over there by the window we'll have a love seat. And we want another love seat here by the fireplace."

Interior Decorator: "My word, do you call this a living room?"

Young Wife: "Why, of course!" "If that isn't living, I don't know what is!"

- - - - -

TRUE BRAVERY:

He: "This is going to be a real battle of brains."

She: "How brave of you to fight unarmed!"

- - - - -

THE VERY IDEA:

He: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

She: (sweetly) "No, I don't believe anyone ever did!"

H e: "Then where did you get the idea?"

- - - - -

NEW BLOOM:

Host: "Would you care to see our helium plant?"

Guest: "Oh, indeed, I'd love to. I just adore flowers!"

- - - - -

DILEMMA:

Policeman: "You saw this lady driving toward you. Why didn't you give her half the road?"

Unhappy driver: "I was going to, just as soon as I could find out which half she wanted!"

- - - - -

FUTILE FABLES:

The accountant who always made out Mr. Bungleton's income tax reports, looked coldly at his client and said: "My dear sir, will you kindly explain this one claim for deduction--nearly \$800 for repainting the front attic window of that old three-story house you rent on Elm Street?"

"Well" said the client, "I thought I could do the job myself, and I was doing fine until a gust of wind started the ladder to skidding. Then I dropped the paint bucket and grabbed the window sill, but the paint bucket happened to land, upside down, on a cute little blonde secretary. She was wearing a fur coat, a new one, and said I would have to buy her another--or she'd sue me. While at the furrier's, buying her a new one, a friend of my wife's happened to see me. By the time I got home, my wife was at the lawyer's and I had to pay him another \$50 to call the divorce off....Does that clear everything up?"

- - - - -

LEARNING FAST:

"So he's teaching you to swim!" "What have you learned so far?"

"That he's twenty-one, single, and has a good job!"

- - - - -

SCHOOL DAYS:

A little boy came home from school and announced to his mother:

"I'm in a fine fix at school. The teacher says I have to write more legibly, and if I do, she'll find out I can't spell!"

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*LITHO. FROM THE PALEOZOIC STRATA OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.

TOUCH-AND GO

Volume VI

September, 1952

No. 7

(Inkprint Edition)

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Address all inquiries to:-
Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind.

CHAPTER II

THEORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS HISTORY

(continued from page 1)

The first part of the chapter deals with the general theory of the earth and its history. It discusses the various theories of the origin of the earth and the evidence in support of each. It also discusses the various theories of the development of the earth and the evidence in support of each.

The second part of the chapter deals with the history of the earth. It discusses the various periods of the earth's history and the evidence in support of each. It also discusses the various theories of the development of the earth and the evidence in support of each.

TOUCH-AND GO

VOLUME VI

September, 1952

No. 7

Taking Willie Home - by Irene Dodge	1
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P.S. This Index Page was omitted in mailing
September "Touch-and Go".

TAKING WILLIE HOME

Little Willie, age six years,
Raised his head and dried his tears,
For he was just a little lad
Who still felt a little sad.

He hadn't wanted to come away,
He'd rather stay up there and play
In the garden sweet with flowers,
Where he had spent long happy hours.

In the orchard and down the lane
And on the seashore, up in Maine.
He'd coaxed his mommie hard all day,
To change her mind and let him stay.

But she said he'd have to go
To school or he would never know
How to write and spell and read.
He must go to school indeed!

So he's bidden a sad good-bye
And had tried hard not to cry
When they put him on the train
That would take them out of Maine.

So they'd ended their vacation
When the train had left the station.
Now in Boston, at half past eight
He realized he would have to wait.

A long, long time to go back there
Where he could roam 'round everywhere
The city here was such a mess
And he'd forgotten his address.

He knew he lived next door to Paul
And Mary with her pretty doll.
So this was their home, after all,
They always came back in the fall.

So he'd brace up and not cry,
For mommie told him, bye and bye
When the summer comes again,
They would go back, up in Maine.

Irene Dodge,
Bar Harbor, Maine

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE,
January 10, 1901.

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE,
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE SENATE,
JANUARY 10, 1899.

ALBANY:
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MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

At long last the summer of 1952 is well over and many of us are wishing it all speed! The heat, the drought, the California earthquakes, the strikes, and the political conventions are written in the pages of history and we hope we can close the book now. However, for those of you who cannot listen to the radio or watch television, here are a few highlights, or rather sidelights, on the conventions as well as some comments on flying saucers--a general topic of conversation everywhere.

Although there have been hints of such things during the past few years, in the height of the summer the excitement over flying saucers mounted steadily until every man, woman, and child, including news commentators, seemed to have a different theory, not only as to their appearance, but as to their significance. Reports that saucers had been sighted on radar screens seemed to verify the reality of the objects, so jet planes were sent up to chase the things, unsuccessfully. They appeared high in the sky at night, shaped like their name, and giving out glowing lights of varying colors. At times they showed tremendous speed, and at others, hovered in space. Scientists explained them as optical illusions caused by inversions of temperatures in the atmosphere--totally unreal; while others considered them to be either space ships from Mars or enemy patrol mechanism! A small town in New Hampshire was in a great flutter at the sight of a score or more, only to discover that some young boys had deliberately sent up rubber balloons to fool people!

Far, far into the wee small hours of the morning, the Great American Public listened to and watched the antics of our so-called delegates to two national political conventions--first the Republican and then the

[illegible]

Democratic. Each convention created the effect of a gigantic New Year's celebration, with confusion, noise, fancy headgear, balloons, banners, bands, and frequent demonstrations consisting of marching, singing and roaring by admirers of the various candidates, as their names were proposed in rapid succession. The relentless eye of the television camera revealed astonishing behavior--first fights; whispering campaigns, which continued in competition with eloquent speeches; the spontaneous applause which came despite almost total lack of attention to such speeches; an occasional delegate snoring in the aisle, oblivious to the roll call! Furtive expressions, unaware of the fact that the whole country was focusing on them, gave hints of plots in the making and an undercurrent of subterfuge.

In the background the hammer of the chairman's gavel brought an occasional semblance of order, and official business was conducted somehow, despite the hubbub. In each convention there was rather bitter feeling concerning the seating of certain disputed delegations and these contests created tension and excitement equal to the greater competition of the actual nominations later in the proceedings.

The speeches were long and eloquent--each favorite son was portrayed as a perfect specimen who would be the ideal leader of our country, and the record of past and present achievements was breathtaking. Gradually the favorite sons dropped by the wayside until the final voting was limited to a few well-known candidates and the race was on! During the Republican convention, it came as a surprise to find General Eisenhower within nine votes of the necessary majority on the first ballot, and then Stassen tipped the scales on the same ballot by throwing his votes to "Ike". In the Democratic convention the voting took much longer and lasted until

after midnight. Here there was more of a race for your money, so to speak, with Kefauver out in front and Governor Stevenson creeping up on him until he was first at the finish line! The Old Guard was shocked beyond words when Kefauver appeared in person on the platform, an unheard of precedent, and he was not permitted to speak. Again the television showed him sitting there with an expression of puzzled astonishment on his face, obviously questioning the reaction of his fellows.

And so it went--and the facts you know--Republican candidates, Eisenhower for president and Nixon for vice president; Democratic candidates, Stevenson for president and Sparkman for vice president.

Where but in America could we have witnessed such a spectacle? Where but in America could we have had such freedom of speech and expression, completely uncensored? Where but in America could every man, woman, and child have the opportunity to judge the conduct of its political leaders and weigh the value of their words? The very fact of television may shape our destiny by exerting an influence on the conduct of future representatives. We shall "see ourselves as others see us."

Whatever the outcome in November, we know that our rights and freedom of choice will be protected!

Annette B. Dinsmore

PERSONALLY YOURS

by

Our Roving Reporter

"I have no outstanding achievements. I'm just not the sort of person to make the subject of an interview," so said Lillian Cunradi in her attractive little home "The Wigwam" recently. "Lawdy, my sense of fun won't let me brag," she went on, "I feel almost inarticulate when I meet people face to face, my tongue gets tangled up in knots!"

Lillian's tongue never tangles when she is talking through her typewriter or her little "Perkie" as she calls her Perkins brailler. She expresses herself easily with a jaunty flare for the turn of a phrase which delights her readers. It is a natural gift which she puts to good use as editor of "The Skylark," a quarterly magazine for deaf-blind readers. She puts tremendous energy into the production of the magazine, which needless to say involves a great deal of work. She has a staff of deaf-blind writers who contribute regularly, giving full play to their creative imagination. "Skylark" publishes original stories, some in serial form, and each author reflects the spirit of frivolity and fun which characterizes their sparkling editor. Lillian imposes a few rules and regulations to which the staff adheres with only a minimum of grumps. Lillian herself writes "Pets Social Circle," a fantasy in which various pet animals, actually belonging to deaf-blind people, enjoy a social time together and have a chance to speak aloud of many things.

Lillian is not very tall. She has short gray curls and a contagious smile. She is friendly and likes informality, saying "Please drop that Miss Cunradi stuff. It gets in my hair and that hair is so full of dust right now from the recent dust storm, plus assorted railroad and factory

soot, that there's no room for titles."

"I'm never my age in 'Brailleland,'" she continued, "I like to be called Lillian and in "Skylark" I use the name Lillums. Such a pen name is a good device to get away from the 'I' of the editor!"

Lillian explained that she was living with her mother in California when her sight and hearing left her entirely, and after her mother's death she returned to her childhood home in Madison, Wisconsin. Now she is living alone in her "Wigwam," keeping house for herself very efficiently. She manages her marketing through a regular grocery order and her

"Uncle Doc" is a favorite visitor. "Uncle Doc" attends to many details of an emergency nature, helps with some of her mail, and keeps a watchful eye on her welfare. He is obviously extremely proud of Lillian and there is a happy relationship between them, of mutual respect and good humored bantering. "Uncle Doc breezes in and out at times in a great rush when I might enjoy a longer visit," said Lillian, but she understands his pressure for time and appreciates his helpfulness.

Lillian has the pioneer spirit. She champions the cause of deaf-blind people at every opportunity, individually and as a group. She sings their praises and at the same time recognizes their faults, but insists that she herself is typical, including the faults. Be that as it may, one of her most endearing qualities is her great concern for the welfare of her many "letter pals" her host of friends everywhere, most of them deaf-blind, and most of whom she had never met face to face.

Perhaps, (as she said) Lillian has no outstanding achievements. That's a matter of opinion. But when we weigh all the details, the proportion of her influence grows rapidly!

about, that there's no room for it.

"With money up and in the bank, it's the same thing. I like to be

entirely honest and in "the bank" I am the same thing. Such a man

is a great blessing to the world. He is the only one who is

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QUIVERS AND QUAKES FROM LILLIE & CO., INC.

Oildale, California

July 24, 1952

Dear Miss Dinsmore:

"Great shakes and big shivers...." If this letter turns out to be a large mess of scrambled letters, you can lay it to the Big Quakes (and I said QUAKES!) and hope that next time things will be better. Shall I tell you all about it?

Sunday night, I was not feeling very chipper, so didn't sleep well, but Stubby, who worked till 11:00 P.M., slept like a top. I had just dozed off some time around daybreak, when suddenly Stubby began bouncing like a rubber ball and the bed started shaking like mad. Then--cross my heart, 'tis so--he bounced clear across me, and landed on all fours on the floor, and for a few seconds, he couldn't get up. I was wide awake by that time and began hollering, "Stubby, what's wrong?" He then made sure I was okay, and as the jolts had stopped for a minute, he ran to mother's room and found her on the floor, dazed but unhurt.

Then those horrible jolts started again, so I got up. "We're having an earthquake," Stubby told us. I stayed up for almost an hour and the quakes kept coming fast. Then the lights came back, so the radio worked and the folks began getting reports about it.

At 6:00 A.M. I got tired and went back to bed, although the quakes were still coming regularly. At nine, I got up again and Stubby broke the news to me. "There's big cracks all around three sides of our little place--and the automatic hot water system is now parked out in the back yard!" Well, at any rate, we are still here, if slightly shaky...

Tuesday afternoon, we had more quakes, and at 5:50 P.M., as I was fixing dinner, standing by the cabinet with a big pitcher of milk in my

hands and the house, the furniture, and me, started doing a gigantic Gilda Gray. Stubby came fast and put the milk pitcher down, grabbed me and put "us" under the nearest door jamb, while Mom quickly got under her door jamb, as the experts tell us to always get under a door jamb when we are visited by earthquakes. After everything was still again, very politely but firmly, I fainted out cold. My poor nerves just folded up along with my "shaky" legs.

Stubby works two nights a week from 11:00 P.M. to 7:00 A.M., so mother and I were alone yesterday morning when the other shocks came. One was about 1:15 A.M. and the other rolled me out of bed at 6:20. The papers and radio say the shocks will continue for maybe months, and Stubby said we had two more this morning, but only the first one woke me up.

When the first jolts came Monday, there was a great flash of light and some people were sure it was an atom bomb, but it was some huge oil storage tanks that exploded when the shocks came. Three railroad tunnels between here and Los Angeles are closed because of cave-in and buckling walls and we are now depending on bus or motor service because no trains can go east for a week or ten days. The paper said that to date our county has suffered fifty million dollars' worth of damage with twelve people killed.

Goodness, but earth quakes are fierce and it is so hot and stuffy, we all feel tense. Stubby says it is like waiting for the bombs to fall. My nerves feel shaky, too, but otherwise I'm fine.

Shakily but happily yours,

Lillian Sabinske

THEIR HAPPIEST SUMMER

by

M. Gertrude Robertson

--ooOoo--

It was strange, but when the other girls were ready to cry with vexation, Nora would laugh and that would be the signal for everybody to try to improve matters. After a week of trying to make the best of a bad bargain, there had come a real shock. Torrents of rain had fallen in the night and the wind had made the old farmhouse tremble. In the morning the girls found that the creek had become a stream of swirling, muddy water that could not be used for anything.

"This is the last straw," wailed Nan. "The next time I rent an abandoned farm to be our camping place...." Then Nora laughed, as she picked up a water pail, "Just think of 'Ole Man Circumstances' trying to beat a crowd of nice City girls," she exclaimed. "I will walk to the farmhouse down the road and ask the folks for some well water."

"Me, too," cried May, as she picked up another pail and hurried after Nora.

The other girls busied themselves about the house. An exclamation from Nan brought them all to the kitchen door.

"It looks like a parade," laughed Claire. Up the lane came Nora, followed by May and a kind-faced woman. Behind them walked two farm boys, each carrying a pail of clear well water.

"This is Mrs. Artright, our nearest neighbor," Nora said, smiling as they entered the kitchen.

"I have come to see if I can make you girls more comfortable," said

Mrs. Artright cheerfully, as she put down a basket of fresh eggs.

Things seemed to hum after that. The wood fire crackled and dried out the dampness. The kettle sang and the coffee sent whiffs of fragrance through the rooms. Everything was "great" as Lucy said.

"An hour ago it seemed that we were showered with disappointments," Nan said. "I was furious with myself because I had insisted on renting this place."

"My disappointments always seem to come in showers, too," replied Mrs. Artright blandly, "and just when I think nothing can be done, the whole scene changes as if I were at the theatre looking at the next act of the play, and I chide myself for not remembering how often clouds have passed over."

"There is always a way out, and there is never a time when everything goes wrong. It is just enough to try our courage and our patience," said Mrs. Artright.

"Or our sense of humor," laughed Nora.

"If you could have seen Nan's face when she saw you coming up the lane, you would have something to remember," chuckled Lucy.

Nan joined in the laughter that followed, then she said, seriously, "It was a strange moment, I saw myself in an entirely different light. Instead of being the clever person I had thought myself to be, I knew then it was others who were getting things done and my plans had failed."

Mrs. Artright turned to Nan with a winning smile, "You have my sympathy," she said. "When I first came here I was quite a citified young bride and thought I would teach my ways to my new friends. I soon found that I had to learn many new lessons and to forget many old ones. My husband called it "readjusting" and praised my abilities. It was his kindness and patience that helped me most. Those were trying days for

THEY WERE NOT ABLE TO DO SO AT THE TIME OF THE

RECENT VISIT TO THE CITY. THE ONLY ONE AVAILABLE WAS

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both of us."

The summer passed all too quickly. The girls were saying "Good-bye" to Mrs. Artright.

"We can never thank you half enough for all you have done for us," said Nan, a little huskily.

"Thank me!" exclaimed Mrs. Artright, "Oh, if you could only know what it has meant to me to have you girls here and to know that you have learned to care so much for me."

As Claire pressed a small notebook into Mrs. Artright's hand, she said briskly, "We want you to read this many times in the winter evenings, so you will not forget us."

"I will not forget one of you, if I live to be a hundred," said Mrs. Artright, smiling through her tears.

Alone in her home that evening, Mrs. Artright turned the pages tenderly. Each girl had written a loving farewell message, expressed in simple girlish fashion, yet brimming over with affection.

"What a treasure a kind thought is," muttered the dear, lonely old lady as she gently closed the book. Nora's bright face rose before her mind as she recalled Nora's message, written in Nora's strong, clear handwriting --

"Our love for you will keep our hearts warm always. This has been our happiest summer!"

---00000---

REST HAVEN

We arrived in Monroe, New York, July second about five-fifteen in the afternoon. Most of us had come from some distance and were strangers.

Monday evening was spent in getting acquainted both with other guests and with our surroundings. Each room is numbered with large metal figures. Stairways are all guarded by gates. Each room has about eight to ten single beds, dressers, and chairs. And each room has a wash bowl with glass shelf, glass bars, and running hot and cold water.

We had no boss over us; only two rules and these were rising at seven-fifteen, and breakfast at eight. Silence at eleven. However, if we did not want breakfast, we could sleep on. No one could boss anyone, all were absolutely free. If you did not like some quest, you did not need to be with them, but no one could argue with you.

Mornings were spent in doing our laundry, reading, writing, listening to the radio, or anything we wished to do. Afternoons from one-thirty to two-thirty we could do our ironing, or nap.

Tuesday, we went rowing on Round Lake from three until five. Tuesday evening there was music, singing and visiting.

Wednesday, we had a wienie roast out in the lovely park, with all the wienies we wanted, potato chips, huge slabs of watermelon, coffee or milk. We finished just before the storm set in. Wednesday evening we "gambled" in the living room. I won two prizes!

Thursday, we went hiking--about three miles one way, had soft drinks, ice cream, and hot dogs. Then hiked back and just got in before the storm. Thursday evening was spent playing table games.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions in the Department of the Interior, for the year ending June 30, 1900:

Secretary, J. H. Smith; Assistant Secretary, J. H. Smith; Chief Clerk, J. H. Smith; Deputy Chief Clerk, J. H. Smith; Chief of Bureau, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Bureau, J. H. Smith; Chief of Division, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Division, J. H. Smith; Chief of Office, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Office, J. H. Smith; Chief of Section, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Section, J. H. Smith; Chief of Branch, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Branch, J. H. Smith; Chief of Division, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Division, J. H. Smith; Chief of Office, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Office, J. H. Smith; Chief of Section, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Section, J. H. Smith; Chief of Branch, J. H. Smith; Assistant Chief of Branch, J. H. Smith.

Friday, we went to Round Lake for a picnic but it was very windy and no boats were allowed out. We had great fun with the swings, letters, and joking. We danced in the pavilion until eleven. "Dot" had to kind of shoo us off home.

Saturday, we did not do anything special as "Dot" and some of the other guides had an evening off. Those who wished went to shows most every night.

Sunday, we all went to church, and Dot, Elsie, Carmela and I had our breakfast in Monroe. Sunday dinner was a Christmas Dinner with turkey and all the trimmings. Sunday evening we had horse racing. I won the whole game--my horse was number five. (Every time I went rowing I was in number five boat, too!) The horse race prize was two dollars and sixty-five cents.

Monday, a lady came to read a novel for two hours in the morning. Monday afternoon, from three until five, we were rowing on Round Lake. In the evening, some ladies from a nearby church came up and gave an entertainment with singing and dancing, and refreshments were served.

Tuesday, we had a wienie roast in our park. In the evening there was a good show and most of the guests attended.

At ten o'clock Wednesday morning we went by bus to Bear Mountain for a picnic at the lake. After leaving the bus we had to hike over a mile to reach the lake. After a nice picnic lunch, some of us went wading, some hiking around the lake, some to see the bear cave, while the rest sat and rested. Hiking back to the bus, we searched for little keepsakes. It was so hot at Bear Mountain, we were all sunburned. Coming back, while driving through West Point, our bus broke down, and it took about an hour to make the necessary repairs. When it started to

rain we were glad for it had been very warm. It was pouring by the time we reached home.

Thursday, the talent guest was invited to a club luncheon at Washingtonville. Carmela, three others, and I went to demonstrate there. It was a grand luncheon and well attended. We made quite a hit for the blind and deaf-blind. Thursday evening we went by bus to an Italian restaurant and had a wonderful Pizza dinner with ice cream, cookies, soft drinks and coffee. After dinner we danced until eleven-fifteen and returned home about midnight.

Friday, we had another delightful picnic and played "bingo". From seven until nine we rowed on the lake, and from nine until eleven danced.

Saturday morning was spent washing, ironing, packing, doing last minute shopping, pestering Dot, and making our hats for the next day. Most of the guests went to a ball game that afternoon.

Sunday, church, but this time we voted for breakfast at home as it was our last Sunday. To celebrate the guests' birthdays, we had a delicious chicken dinner, and in the evening our hat show and birthday party, with a birthday cake and candles, ice cream, peanuts and coffee. After the party, many of the guests went for a last walk, or to the show.

The meals at Rest Haven were always different and always very nice. We all gained instead of losing! Showers or baths could be taken any time, and we could retire as early as we liked. We had books, magazines, a piano, radio, talking book machine, juke box and a victrola. We could use any of them whenever we wished. Company could come any time from eight in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. There were no restrictions on where we went or with whom.

Rest Haven is a privately owned rest home for women from eighteen to

the first time it was ever used. It was found to be

very useful.

During the first time it was used, it was found to be

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seventy. Each group has thirty-eight guests and there are five groups each summer. Guests must be able to join in the all out recreational activities such as rowing, dancing, hiking, and picnicking. Each guest must be able to pay their own traveling expenses, keep their clothes clean, and help keep the rooms neat. Dot, the hostess and recreational director, does not make a pet of any guest--all being treated alike.

Rest Haven was started about thirty years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Migel, who still control it and visit it twice in each group. There are three maids at Rest Haven.

In my group Carmela and I were both totally deaf and blind, while Lucy and Elsie could hear and see a little, though not perfectly.

Some guests brought a guide, who also helped us when we needed help. Guides must be eighteen or over, know how to lead and help the blind, be on house duty one day a week, and they must be honest and truthful. They help all of the blind guests in their rooms.

All the guests must make their own decisions--no one bosses any one!

Elsie wore a great big straw hat to our Lake picnic. Lucy and I sat near her and the wind kept blowing the brim down across Lucy's face and mine. Lucy said Elsie wore it to keep the sun off Round Lake. We all laughed when the bench turned over with the three of us and Elsie's hat was lost in the Lake. "Now we can ride on it," said Lucy.

I was so happy every minute of the time at Rest Haven. It was terribly hot, though, and once or twice I felt ill from the heat. Nevertheless, I did so much appreciate and enjoy my two weeks of rest and fun in that delightful spot.

Eva Zoe D'Elia

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January 1961 22 January 1961 22 January 1961 22 January 1961

BETSY BARKS

My boss has given me a promotion! Now I am to write a column for TAG and I will be talking to you each month. This time I thought you'd like to read the wonderful letter I got from Terry Tinker when he was away on vacation with his mistress, Louise. Here it is--

"August 1, 1952

Dear Betsy:

Vacations are really wonderful, but until you have spent one at Rincon Hill Farm in Peterborough, New Hampshire, you have never had a perfect holiday!

I have been coming up here since I was a small puppy and I know every nook and cranny. I really have a grand time, such freedom, so many wonderful shade trees and lots and lots of clean, soft, green grass. In the morning the birds awaken me quite early, but I know my mistress Louise and her sister Blanche like to sleep a little later than they do in New York, so I keep very still but always on the alert, and the minute I hear our host, Mr. Rincon, stirring in the next room, I get over close to the door. In that way I am all set, and the minute Louise opens the door, away I dash like a streak of lightning.

Perhaps I should explain that this is a beautiful, old house, but I get so confused--there are so many doors! For instance, there are three in our bedroom, one opening into the hall, another to the bath, and a third to the wardrobe. Then if the door to the bath is open, I can go through there, because another door in that room opens into the

hall. In the same way, if the door to the wardrobe is open and the door on the other side, too, I can get down the back stairway. Oh, it is such jolly fun!

On the first floor there are even more doors--the main entrance, the door to the front porch, the kitchen door, and two doors on either side of the studio. It is such fun for I never remember which door I use when I "want out" so I just stand at the nearest door and bark. They all come running, each taking a different door to let me in again.

There is only one fly in the ointment "Smokey" the bane of my existence. He is a large grey Persian cat and just does not like dogs. I try to be friendly, but he is always mad and won't accept my overtures. The other morning I was out near the garage, minding my own business, when suddenly he sprang at me, jumped on my back and almost scared me to death. I picked up my paws and ran like a deer to the kitchen door, but as luck would have it, Mr. and Mrs. Rincon, Louise and her sister were in the studio. I just had to get in, and as the screen door was latched, I dashed right through the screening. Not wanting to get scolded, I went up to my room and decided to take a nap. A little later I ventured down the back stairway and heard them all talking, Mr. Rincon asking each one in turn whether they had opened the door for me. Of course they had not! Then he said, "Well, Terry's up-stairs now." I crept back quietly and waited. In a little while I heard Louise exclaim, "What's flapping in the breeze" as she was getting some water at the kitchen sink. Then the investigation started--my secret was out!

Mr. Rincon is nice, he didn't even scold me, just went out, got some tools and fixed the damaged screening. Well, what would you have done if an unfriendly cat chased you?

On the other side, too, I can find the same language. "We, the people,"

On the 11th I was there for the first time. I was very much surprised to find that the people were very much interested in the work of the mission. I was very much surprised to find that the people were very much interested in the work of the mission. I was very much surprised to find that the people were very much interested in the work of the mission.

There is only one way to the summit of the mountain. The road is very rough and the weather is very bad. I went to the summit and saw the view. It was very beautiful. I saw the sea and the mountains. I was very happy. I went to the summit and saw the view. It was very beautiful. I saw the sea and the mountains. I was very happy.

Whenever I see Mrs. Rincon go into the kitchen, I follow her. She likes me, and now especially since she recently lost her little dog, Judy, I get a double portion of love and attention. She opens a large white box and always seems to find some delectable morsel for me. I don't think she always remembers to tell Louise when she has fed me, because each day I get my regular dinner! I don't think this will hurt me for I do get lots of exercise and the clean sweet air seems to stimulate my appetite.

I miss little Judy though, and wish I had someone to romp with. Judy was a taffy colored Cocker Spaniel, and while she had a pedigree a yard long, she liked me and was not a bit "high hat." She was a very old dog and could only run for a short time, then she would lie down to rest. I used to run around her, jump over her, and try in so many ways to get her to romp some more, but she always seemed to know when she had enough. I suppose I, too, will grow older, and perhaps I won't want to run very much, but it is lots of fun now and even though I am six years old, I feel just as spry as I did when I was a very small puppy.

It won't be too long before we start back to New York and then I know you and Miss Dinsmore will begin your holiday. I could give you a great deal of advice about how to spend it to the fullest, but I fear it would not pass the censor, so perhaps I had better close before I get into trouble.

With fondest oats, licks, and barks,

Your good friend,

Terry Tinker."

I hope you enjoyed Terry's letter as much as I did and perhaps I shall find time to answer it while I am on vacation. Look for the reply in a later issue of TAG.

Betsie Dinsmore

Remember I am not, I think, as good as I believe you. The
time up, and you especially about the necessity of this day, I say,
I feel a double purpose of your own attention, the great & large which
the last always seems to find some inevitable reason for me. I don't think
the things themselves to tell I know when the last day, I believe was
by I feel by another element. I don't think you will find as the I do not
lost of knowledge and the other world are more to be obtained by practice.

I think I think I think, and when I had seemed to you with, I say,
was a really different feeling, and while we had a wonderful a year
long, the time as well as a very long, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say,
and would only find a little thing, then the world is more to you. I
need to the ground that I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say,
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It seems to me that I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say,
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to say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say,

With kindest regards, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say,

Your good friend,

Henry James,

I hope you enjoyed David's lecture as much as I did and perhaps I
will find that he was as good as I was. I am, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say,
in a large sense of the word.

With kindest regards,

HEARD ON THE RADIO

Little Boy to his Mother: "God gives us our food, doesn't he?"

Mother: "Yes."

Little Boy: "The doctor gives us our babies, doesn't he?"

Mother: "Yes."

Little Boy: "Santa Claus gives us our toys, doesn't he?"

Mother: "Yes." (After a long silence) "Well, then what?"

Little Boy: "Oh, I was just wondering who in the world gives us our daddy."

--oOo--

An elderly gentleman purchased an old grandfather's clock at a sale in New York. He was carrying it home and not being able to see over the top of it, ran right into a lady, knocking her down and sending her packages flying. The gentleman set the clock down, picked up the lady and her packages and apologized. Eying him with a stony stare, she said: "Why in the world don't you wear a wrist watch, like the rest of us?"

--oOo--

In Case of Accident.

The overnight millionaire wanted the best of everything! He went into a music shop and asked to see their most expensive violin, for his son. The clerk brought out a beautiful Stradivarius, saying: "This is a 1730 Strad. priced at \$100,000."

The millionaire hesitated a moment, then remarked: "You say it was made in 1730 and costs \$100,000?"

"That's right," replied the clerk.

"But tell me, is the company that made the fiddle still in business?"

"Of course not," replied the clerk, in shocked tone.

"Then it's no good," said the rich man, defiantly, "What would I do for spare parts?"

One-Track Hind

Sailor's Wife: "George, be sure to get shore leave on Thursday, we're going to have the baby christened."

Sailor: "Listen! Nobody's going to hit my kid over the head with a bottle!"

--oOo--

Grow Your Own

An Actress came off the stage after a successful first night, and was surprised when the manager handed her a bouquet of flowers and a packet of marigold seeds.

"The flowers are from a gentleman in the stalls, and the seeds from a Scotsman in the gallery," was his explanation.

--oOo--

What Wit!

"What did the boss say to you when he called you in?"

"He asked me whether I couldn't sandwich in a little more work, as I always seemed to have a long enough loaf."

--oOo--

Fighting Army:

Two soldiers were having a fight in the barracks room. A Second Lieutenant rushed in and stopped the scrap with this excited remark:

"Come, come, men! We can't have fighting men in this army!"

--oOo--

His Choice:

"What would you rather have," little Johnny was asked, "a new baby brother or a baby sister?"

"If it's all the same to you," Johnny replied, after careful deliberation, "I would rather have a Newfoundland dog."

THE FIRST

It was a fine day, and the sun was shining brightly on the water, and the birds were singing in the trees. The children were playing on the grass, and the dogs were running and jumping. The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content.

—

THE SECOND

The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content. The children were playing on the grass, and the dogs were running and jumping. The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content.

—

THE THIRD

The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content. The children were playing on the grass, and the dogs were running and jumping. The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content.

—

THE FOURTH

The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content. The children were playing on the grass, and the dogs were running and jumping. The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content.

—

THE FIFTH

The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content. The children were playing on the grass, and the dogs were running and jumping. The old man was sitting on the bench, and he was looking at the children and the dogs with a smile. He was thinking of the good times he had had when he was a child, and he was feeling happy and content.

—

TOUCH-AND GO

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TOUCH-AND GO

Volume VI

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No. 6

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1873 - 1952

Mary Bond Smith

My hair is craggy -
Out of curl -
My teeth have lost
Their former pearl.

From stem to stern
I need repairs
As do the antique
Beds and chairs.

It's just the same
Repeated story -
Three score and ten
Departed glory.

But still undaunted -
Head unbowed -
I'll find a way
To cheat the shroud.

I'll buy new teeth
I'll curl my hair,
And put soft cushions
In my chair.

Ear phones for ears
And specs for eyes
Keep age and youth
As friendly guys.

Keep seams of stockings
Straight and tight
And keep my slips up
Out of sight!

Live in my world
And find it fun
Not make demands
On any one.

Nor add to burden
Of youth's years
My load of grouches
Sighs and tears.

Resolved that "Anno
Domini and I
Keep on good terms
Until I die".

My walking apparatus'
Are a bit out of gear
They tell me the cause
Is in the "middle ear".

To go up or down
To topple I fear
So I stay "put" feeling glad
That I still am here.

My additions are many
My subtractions are more
But by "Grace all sufficient"
I am happy, not sore.

My philosophy's
Been changed a bit
Since this was writ -
To wit -

My false teeth do not fit.
My ear phones too, get out of fix.
My locomotion calls for sticks
But still I say to old age
NIX!

MESSAGE FROM BETSIE DINSMORE

Thank you, all of you, very much for asking me to write again in your magazine. My boss is trying to think and I can see that she is having a hard time. I will help her by writing the message for June. That will give her weeks to think of a message for September, because "TAG" goes on a vacation in July and August you know. Isn't it funny that so many people work hard when they try to think!

My boss and I do so many unusual things. Last week she brushed me very carefully, got dressed in her best dress and new hat and we went to a big building where the floor was all covered with soft carpet and there were hundreds of steps. Many people were climbing the steps but you couldn't hear them because the carpet was thick. I was the only dog climbing the steps and some of the people seemed surprised to see me. My boss sat in the middle of one row and I got under the seat. My head was above the back of the seat on the step in front and I could sniff a lady's hat. I only sniffed it once, because my said it was not polite to do that. Soon the building got all dark, except for a row of lights far down below us, and some soft music almost put me to sleep. Then they pulled up something that looked like a big window blind and we saw a pretty room. We weren't in the room but we could see a beautiful lady there and hear her talk. She talked a great deal and moved around, but I went to sleep after all.

Later the lights came on again and everyone went down the big steps, laughing and talking. My boss and I went around the building to a tiny street and up some more steps. These steps had no carpet and made a lot of noise. We went into another smaller room where there were a lot of people and, to my surprise, there was the lady who had talked so much before

but she wasn't so pretty now because her face was covered with greasy stuff, red, yellow and black around the eyes. She kissed my boss and I shook hands with her. I think she thought I was smart and I thought she was nice except for her face.

My boss says to tell you that the big building was called a theatre and the lady we met was an actress, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and she played in something called "Paris '90". I hope you understand what this means. It was confusing to me, but I did get a lot of attention and everyone said nice things about me. There was nothing to eat, though!

My boss and I like to visit "Aunt Helen". She has a big house with lots of rooms and closets to poke into and a great big kitchen where there are exciting smells most of the time. There is lots of grass around the house, too, where you can roll and chew up sticks. There are trees and bushes full of sweet flowers and other pretty flowers. I like to run and run, but I am careful not to step on the flowers. There is a big dog, too, on the other side of a wire fence. He has only a small yard though and I like to show him how far and how fast I can run in Aunt Helen's yard. I am always scared to go to Aunt Helen's because it is a very dangerous trip. You have to go on a frightening thing called a train. But it is good to be there and it makes you forget about the train.

Airplanes are better than trains and my boss and I will be taking one soon, she says, to go to see Lillian Cunradi, Klara Johnson, Margaret Warren and maybe Myrtle Pond. I hope we will see lots of other deaf-blind friends, too, and maybe I'll see Tiger again, the dog I learned to like so much out in Indiana!

Good-bye for the summer and thank you for reading my message.

Betsie.

SUMMER "DAZE"

by

Lillie & Co., Inc.

Summer days are a lazy "daze" and all of us are its victims.... The morning is lazy and in no hurry.... The shadows linger along the way, a breeze dawdles by and stops to ruffle the petals of the Goddess of the Rose as she flaunts her beauty and the breeze wanders on to gossip with the leaves.... Two little white clouds languidly play tag over the cerulean sky and pause to look down at the Earth, then scurry away to take shelter under the wings of their Mother Cloud, as she perches placidly on a distant mountain peak....

Mr. Bee drifts lazily along, and the Rose lures him, he drinks of her nectar and is lost in an ecstasy of bliss and, as he staggers away, two butterflies, idly playing hide and seek among the leaves of the creeper-vine, pause to watch and decide to try the nectar, too, and are lost, like Mr. Bee.... The Queen of Honeysuckle, not to be outdone by her rival, the Rose, goes all out in creamy-white scented glory and her victims are legion...

Mr. Mocker flits down and takes his daily shower in the sprinkler and watches all this carrying-on by the lovely ladies of Gardendom, then, being a dutiful mate, takes a fast dive at a hapless worm and hastens with it to his "little woman" who sits patiently at home and as he presents his gift, reports the scandalous actions of those two shameless hussies.... Having thus done his daily good deed, he perches on a near-by limb and sings of love to his mate and thus, silences all other creatures in Birdom with his "mocking" song....

THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute is a quarterly publication of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. It is devoted to the publication of original research papers and reviews in all branches of anthropology, including physical anthropology, social anthropology, linguistics, and archaeology. The Journal is published by the Royal Society of London, and is one of the leading journals in the field of anthropology.

The Journal is published quarterly, and is available in both print and electronic formats. The print edition is published by the Royal Society of London, and is available in both hardcover and paperback formats. The electronic edition is available online, and is accessible to all subscribers. The Journal is indexed and abstracted in a number of major databases, including the Social Sciences Citation Index, the Social Sciences Index, and the Anthropological Index.

The Journal is a member of the International Association of Anthropological Journals, and is also a member of the International Association of Linguistic Journals. The Journal is also a member of the International Association of Archaeological Journals, and is also a member of the International Association of Physical Anthropological Journals.

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The day drifts along.... A child and a puppy romp riotously on the lawn.... Two lovers stroll along the way, hand in hand.... The day is almost done.... Far away, hiding behind a peak, the Thunder God growls threateningly and flashes his sword in warning that he is on the way.... Summer days.... Daze....

Part Two

Summer nights are dreamy nights.... The Goddess of the Night comes stealing along, her veil drawn closely around her, as she comes, she scatters her jewels about the sky.... They drop here and there and shine down on the Earth.... Luna follows in all her glory and as she hears the low voice of the Thunder God, she hurries to hide briefly behind her veils of swansdown clouds.... But, lo! she spies lovers in yon lane and shamelessly seeks them out and they try to escape her, but she is wily and they must give in and know the sly thing is all for them....

An owl drifts by and eerily calls to his mate.... A loon, far away on a lake, calls sorrowfully to all the world.... The nights drift on, the Thunder God is marshalling his forces.... Soon, he will strike, his voice becomes louder, his sword flashes often and ever more swiftly, he comes and Luna hurries away to safety.... Soon, only the Thunder God and his forces, the Raindrops, hold sway over the sleeping world....

Summer nights.... Summer Days.... Bliss.... Dreams....

---ooOooo---

PERSONALLY YOURS

by

Our Roving Reporter

A postman on his daily rounds passed a certain house regularly on a side street in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. As the large letters, embossed in braille, and books in similar type, fell into his hands in increasing volume for that house, he became intrigued and asked to meet the recipient. He was introduced to our own Kathryn Frick and succumbed to her charms. From that moment he became a loyal friend and ardent admirer.

He could not have appreciated the significance of all Kathryn's achievements--Kathryn, who is a child of five lost her sight and hearing completely, yet kept up her spirit under the loving care of her parents--Kathryn, bravely leaving home to go to school in a distant city and winning the love of her teachers and classmates--Kathryn reaching, through skilled teaching, an intellectual development many could well envy--Kathryn, taking up life again with her family and friends, sharing in household tasks and social activities!

He could not have known the effort involved in all this, yet sensed it somehow and understood her personality better than many. He wrote a poem about her which draws her picture in simple eloquence.

Kathryn sent us the poem for "Touch-and Go" and said:

"A retired mail carrier, who had delivered my braille mail, was inspired to write the following poem. I think he was thrilled as well as interested in braille."

TO MY FRIEND KATHRYNE FRICK

by

G. L. Ebersole

1947

---ooOoo---

I have a friend you all should meet
Progressive and talented, loving and sweet.

Everyone loves her whom she has met -
A real personality you won't forget.

Her letters are often written in braille
She's also a typist, cheering friends by mail.

Handicapped early by loss of sight,
Her fingers are really her only light.

Still she is happy all through the day,
Helped by her mother who shows her the way.

Just like two Buddies when out on the street,
Their smile is a tonic to all whom they meet.

She radiates sunshine to many a soul,
Who is also striving to reach this goal.

Her thoughts are of others who are striving to be
Contented and happy though they cannot see.

I hope she'll be happy--long as she lives,
Remembered for great inspiration she gives.

I gladly acclaim her as my dear friend,
And hope I may always until the end.

In years gone by I carried her mail,
I watched her progress, she just couldn't fail!

My friend Kathryne Frick is known by reputation,
She has made her mark with the great of the nation!

---oooOooo---

BELLS

Not knowing how the title of this paper is spelled, it may bring to your mind a picture of the belles in the novels describing the beautiful women of the South about the time of the Civil War.

Interesting as these belles were, it is of quite a different kind of bell I am writing.

Just metal bells.

The bell at the corner of the farm house, or the large bell taken from the shelf in the kitchen by the "maid of all work" and rung vigorously to call the help from the fields to their midday meal.

The rectangular cow bell, hung from a strap around the neck of one of a dozen or more cows, so that the small boy sent to drive them home at night may more easily find them.

The bell, a few sizes smaller but of the same shape, that the "bell sheep" must always wear, lest the flock stray away and be lost.

The door bell in an old house that has a curious far-away tinkle of its own. A knob on the outside of the house is attached to a wire that often follows along the walls through several rooms and, at the end, is a small bell. The distance from the door to the small bell causes the tinkling sound.

Years ago, when we had more snow and less autos, can some of you remember a girl with real red cheeks, a new "cutter", a fine horse, warm robes, a full moon and sleigh bells around the horse?

At one time the bell in the white church on the hill was a sort of town crier, sending many messages to all within hearing. On the fourth of July the "town fathers" were not so pleased when the youngsters in some way, known only to themselves, climbed to the belfry and set the bell clanging

on the stroke of twelve. Many of its messages were of great help in a scattered community. When there was a fire it rang so long and loud no one could mistake its meaning.

If the bell rang on a weekday everyone within hearing stopped to listen. The housewife came to window or door. The children stopped their play. Men in the fields stood waiting. Six strokes meant the death of a man--nine the death of a woman. After that, the slow tolling told the age.

In this way the church bell was almost a personality; it played such an important part in the life of the village.

How many of the people of this country when they celebrate, with fireworks and noise, the "glorious fourth" think of the "Independence bell" of '76?

"There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;

"So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide.

"See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy inside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign;

"Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
As the boy cries joyously!
'Ring!', he shouts, 'ring! Grandpapa,
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!'

"And when we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly 'Independence'
Which, please God, shall never die."

I sometimes wonder if we as a country are as free as the Congress which made that decision expected us to be.

Some of the bells hamper our freedom--the telephone bell, so annoying when we don't care to hear it and so welcome when we do.

Then comes the rag-man's bell, the scissors-to-grind bell, and the table bell, that miserable slippery thing that travels around on the floor just out of reach of your foot when you need it most.

The door bell always rings constantly on the rainy day when you are alone in the house and have made up your mind to catch up on your correspondence.

The bells causing the most profanity are probably the rising and retiring bells at a preparatory school.

If I were an artist and wished to illustrate haste, I would paint a picture of a college campus as the last note of the chapel bell died away.

The bell buoy is much more important than it looks as it carelessly rides back and forth on the waves, a warning and a greeting to sailors whose whole life is regulated by bells.

Pearl Buck in her novel "Mother" gives her pathetic little blind girl a bell to wear. To me, a heart-breaking bell!

Henry Irving in his portrayal of "The Bells" gave one something that could never be forgotten. The innkeeper with his wife and daughter--the stranger with his sleigh and bells stopping for his supper. The sudden and unaccountable lust of the innkeeper for the stranger's gold which had been inadvertantly shown while paying his bill. How he followed him in--to the night, murdered and robbed him and threw his body into a lime kiln. Back at his inn the next day, everything the same as before; he was never suspected, but remorse entered into everything. He was always hearing

"The Bells"--"The Bells". He became weaker and weaker. No doctor could find any cause for the condition or do anything for him and finally he died in mental agony hearing "The Bells".

Sad bells! Gay bells!

Perhaps they influence us more than we know.

Some of us are timed by bells. A factory bell, a school bell, a bell on a certain train we must take morning and night.

We are most of us rushing on or being rushed by bells or their equivalent through days, weeks and years, until we come to the last act in the drama of life and the tolling of a bell ushers us out of the hurry and confusion and on to the big adventure.

H. S. A.

POSTMARKED - IOWA

Dear Friends of "Touch-and Go":

Up here in Northeast Iowa it's 16 above Zero this morning, but by the time you read this we shall be sitting outside in the fresh air, soaking up some sunshine of which we get so little during the winter months.

Miss Dinsmore asked me several months ago to write something for "Tag" but as you all know all about me and my work, I have been on the lookout for something especially interesting to write about, but as nothing has turned up, I will just write a general letter about my everyday life.

This is "news month" and I am busy taking down news items from letters for "Good Cheer" which must be sent to Mrs. Cornelius by May 1st. This job of news writing is not all peaches and cream. I am bound to make a mistake now and then and some of the news comes to me in a roundabout way, and is not always correct, but how thankful I am that you readers are so patient and understanding about it.

Spring is here now and we can get out more for car rides and some walks which we all need so much after being confined to the house for the winter. I only get out about once a month in the winter and that's when I go to the meeting of the Ladies Aid of our Church. Some people might think I'm silly, curling my hair and dressing up to look nice and feel nice, just to go where no one ever talks to me; just one lady shakes hands; and I sit and crochet through the meeting; but you can rest assured I count as an equal when the lunch is served and the collection box passed. However, I had a secret sister in the aid with whom I exchange Christmas and birthday gifts. I always feel that going away from home helps me to remember my manners and keep smiling. One is apt to fall into careless habits staying home all the time, especially when one is alone part of the time, as I am. I always attend

the funerals of relatives, as I feel its my duty and the only thing I can do to pay my respects to those who have passed on. I'm fond of going to picnics, too, and I enjoy our two family reunions every summer. I am helping with the plans for one of them this year. I cannot enjoy the program myself, but it's a joy to do something for others who do so much for me!

Neva and I go to another town to do shopping, now and then during the summer, and I enjoy this, too. We look around in the stores and make our purchases, and Neva calls a few friends or relatives on the phone, just to say "Howdy do". At noon we go to Art Snyder's Restaurant for lunch. When we finish our shopping, we sometimes stop to call on relatives on our way home.

My own family talk to me with the one-hand manual and many other people just print on my hand with their finger, but this is an age of speed; not many people will take the time to spell.

I have received two letters from Miss Margaret Warren of Luzerne, Iowa, which is about seventy miles from here. She has been blind for years, but lost her hearing about a year ago, just as she finished the tenth grade in school. She is young and will be glad to hear from some of you young people.

I hope to meet Miss Dinsmore and Betsie next time they come to Iowa. They are sure doing a wonderful work for the deaf-blind and I wish that I could help, too. It is almost time for Neva to come home for lunch. She will bring the mail with her, and the Kohler Club letters are due to reach me today, so I will close wishing you a happy summer.

So long,

Myrtle Grace Pond

A DOG WHO REALLY LOVED HIS LITTLE PAL

by

Margaret Bly

When our Junior was a year and a half old, we had a big Shepherd dog whom we called Rex. This was in the ~~good-old-summer-time~~. One afternoon while Junior was taking his regular beauty nap, Rex decided to take a walk. He was gone about an hour and a half, or perhaps a little longer, and by the time he got back, Junior was up and playing. Rex barked and I let him in. Every time he came in I'd say, "Hi, Rex", and he would put his nose in my hand as if to say, "Hi". This time he said nothing, just passed me by like an "old shoe". In a little while I went into the room to see what Junior was doing, and to my surprise, there on the floor beside him was a big "teddy Bear". I picked it up and that darn thing scared me almost to death, with a voice that sounded just like a grizzly bear. Rex picked that bear up somewhere and brought it home to his little master, Junior. Our next door neighbor saw him bring it into the house, but we never did find the owner of that bear!

An old farmer wanted Rex for a sheep-dog, but we would not give him up. One night, the farmer took him from our back yard. Had Junior been old enough to miss his pet, you can bet your boots we would have gotten him back again by some means or other. Later, we wrote a note to the farmer and told him it certainly wasn't a nice thing to "snitch" a dog from a little child. However, the bear remained faithful until it started to go to pieces.

We later learned that Rex had wandered away somewhere so evidently it did not do that farmer any good at all to steal him.

Dogs are the best playmates and pals a child can have. We've always had a dog--and always will, I hope. The one we have now is a large Collie, the best, we think.

LIFE AFTER DEATH

When as I die--from age or ill
And there I lie stone-cold and still,
When as you stare upon my shroud
Good friend, beware, don't talk so loud
For though my soul no longer's perking
My hearing aid may still be working!

BIRDS 'N BEES

Tommy: (breathlessly) "Daddy, where did I come from?"

Father: "Well, son, sit down. I think the time has come to tell you something important." (The father proceeded to explain the facts of life--about the birds and bees, etc.) Noticing a most bewildered expression on his son's face, he said: "Well, sone, does that answer your question?"

Tommy: "Well, Johnny Jones said he came from Cincinnati, and I just wanted to know where I came from."

.....

CHILD'S VERSION:

The class had had a lesson on Eskimos, and were asked to write an account of it. One bright youngster began:

"The Eskimos are God's frozen people."

.....

BACK TO EARTH

"Darling", said the sentimental young man, wouldn't you like to sail away on a silvery moonbeam--just you and me together--towards those twinkling stars where all is infinite, even love. And we could dwell in eternal bliss far from.....

"Oh, I couldn't Jimmy--not tomorrow," interrupted the girl, "I have an appointment with my hairdresser at four."

NICE ANSWER

After Sunday morning service, a woman stayed to chat with a friend, leaving her purse on the seat. When she returned it was gone, but she quickly found it in the possession of the paster himself.

"I thought I had better hold it," said he, "You must remember there are some in the congregation so simple that they might consider it an answer to a prayer."

.....

COUNTRY WIT

The city slicker halted his car at a desolate crossroads and yelled to a farmer driving a load of hay,

"Hey, Cornsilk, is this the way to Chicago?"

The farmer looked up in feigned astonishment, "By gum, stranger, how'd ye know my name was ~~Cornsilk~~?"

"I guessed it," answered the slicker.

"Then by heck," snapped the farmer, "guess your way to Chicago."

.....

THE LAST TO KNOW

Triumphant Suitor: "Well, Willie, your sister is going to marry me. How's that for news?"

Willie: "News! You mean you're just now finding that out?"

.....

CONFUSED

Woman (Over telephone): "Are you the game warden?"

Game Warden: "Yes, Ma'am."

"Woman: "Well, thank goodness, I have the right person at last. Would you mind suggesting some games suitable for a children's party?"

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TOUCH-AND GO

Volume VI

May, 1952

No. 5

(Inkprint Edition)

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WHO'S THE GIRL?

Who's the girl - the dearest one you know,
The one who's never been untrue,
And who, no matter where you go,
Is always loving, loving you?
Who but Mother!

Who's the girl - the fairest of the fair,
The one who's beauty never fades,
Whose shining eyes and silvered hair
Out-rival those of younger maids?
Who but Mother!

Who's the girl - who has such gentle hands,
That always soothe the sharpest pain,
The one who always understands,
Who's love you never seek in vain?
Who but Mother!

Who's the girl - the smartest one of all,
The one who never could be fooled,
Your slightest bluff could always call,
Though you, perhaps, were better schooled.
Who but Mother!

Who's the girl - if she's not here today,
The one you'd give the world to see,
The one who'd drive dull care away,
And make the day what it should be.
Who but Mother!

Cora Abbie Corman

(Written for and dedicated to my mother - C. A. C.)

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

Last night in front of an open fire, with its cheerful warmth and gay crackling, I found myself thinking of Fire - out of control in forests or cities - bringing havoc and destruction. Cool sparkling water, the very essence of life itself, can also develop into a force when it gets out of bounds - a force that brings disaster all too frequently. The wind can be a soft summer breeze or it can be whipped into a tornado dealing death. Nature is full of these temper tantrums. We are no exception to this law and can certainly wreck our own lives if we let tempers get out of control.

Recently Betsie and I returned from Indiana - the Hoosier State. Tradition explains the nickname thus - In the days of the early settlers, when families lived in homes widely separated, it often happened that a stranger who knocked at the door would inquire, "Who's your (Hoosier) neighbor". This happened so consistently that the nickname stuck. At times the Hoosiers seem completely absorbed by the game of basketball and follow the progress of their high school teams in minute detail. During the final play-off games, the entire populous ^{ace} listens to blow-by-blow descriptions and scores through loud speaker systems in department stores, restaurants, and all public buildings. One Saturday night in Indianapolis, I was unable to listen to any of my favorite programs because every station was "blaring" a basketball game.

During our trip, Betsie made a conquest! She met a beautiful shepherd dog, Tiger, who came from the Leader Dog League. We traveled with Tiger and his mistress for four days and the two dogs became devoted to each other. Tiger, almost twice Betsie's size, was a well mannered young gentleman, who guided his mistress expertly and watched carefully to be sure that Betsie and I were safe. It took almost a day for Betsie to accept him as a friend

because, as you know, she is a bit suspicious of other guide dogs. However, when the day came for us to leave, Tiger and Betsie seemed well aware of the coming separation and both dogs drooped disconsolately.

In Indiana we met a number of deaf-blind friends, some of whom are well known to you. Among these were Jewell Cox, Ada Marie Youmans, and Eleanor Bull. We met several people who had recently lost their sight and hearing, who will need a great deal of help. The home teachers, however, showed real interest and understanding so that we feel they will be able to offer the kind of service which can point the way for these "newcomers".

We have had many requests for more bits about popular songs. There is a song called "The Syncopated Clock" which is jolly and amusing. It tells of a clock that is an individualist, who had decided to say "Tock, Tick" instead of "Tick, Tock". You hear the clock "tock-ticking" through the rollicking music, occasionally skipping a beat as if it were bouncing with joy. It is nonsensical, of course, but cheery.

"Disc Jockey" programs on the radio have been increasing steadily for years. The disc jockey plays a succession of records, chatting constantly, between selections, about this and that. He may give news about town, talk about "show business", or plug his various sponsors. The sponsors are important, of course, because they pay his salary. One disc jockey in New York not only plays records, but gives out his two telephone numbers, inviting his listeners to call him up. You can hear the telephone bell and then the disc jockey's part of the conversation. One wakeful night, I gathered up courage, and with a definite question in mind, dialed the number. However, when he answered, "Hello, what is your problem?" and his voice sounded over the phone and in the radio at the same time, stage fright gripped me. Words failed, and I hung up quickly, feeling embarrassed and guilty for disturbing such an "important" man.

Spring is here at last, with its promise of renewed strength and life ahead. Even in the heart of down-town New York, tiny green leaves are coming out on the privet hedge which grows in a small enclosure in front of the Foundation, a three story brick building. Next door, in the building that houses our Special Services Department, a wisteria vine climbs to the roof and its blossoms are almost ready to burst.

May the flowers of May bloom in abundance for all of you now and in the months to come!

Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

THIS AND THAT FROM TEXAS

by

Cora Abbie Corman

"Pipes O' Pan", can't you hear them calling you to the woodlands and fields, to sport with the fresh spring breezes, loaded with the intoxicating fragrance of flowers, and the enchanting songs of birds in a mighty chorus of sound. In the midst of this ravishing display of natural beauty and sound, just imagine, if you can, fields of hundreds of roses, just roses, roses everywhere, of every known variety and color. Roses, "Queen of Flowers", who does not love roses? If there is any mortal man with soul so dead that he does not thrill at the sight of a rose, banish him from among human-kind, or, send him down to Texas to view the fields of millions of rose bushes in full bloom - a lavish display of gorgeous beauty which must be seen to be appreciated fully. Yes, Texas can boast of just such a monmouth display of hundreds of acres of millions of rose bushes in full bloom throughout the year.

These famous Rose Fields are located in Tyler, Smith County, Texas, which is about 135 miles northeast of Palestine. They spread out in a fifty mile radius around Tyler. The movement to make Tyler the Rose Garden of the State was started in 1932, and grew out of the realization that the infant industry, carried on by a few private citizens, could just as well become state-wide, which it has!

Now, every year, Tyler stages a "Rose Festival", which has become second to none in the United States. Of course, the Festival includes everything that is to be found at a high class festival in the way of entertainment in addition to the Rose Show. This in itself is a veritable Carnival of Beauty

a monmouth display of multi-colored roses, massed in majestic splendor. The Festival lasts three days - three days of enchantment in a fairyland of ravishing beauty, with a musical accompaniment furnished by a world-famous orchestra. Of course, a Queen is chosen, and she, with her Royal Court, leads the procession or "Parade of Roses", which is said to be two miles long. It was estimated that a quarter of a million people attended the Festival last year, which was held from October 5th to the 7th. The date for this year has not yet been announced.

The "Weather Man" cheated Palestine last year out of her "Dogwood Trails" Festival, but this year it will be held at Easter time.

Yes sir, Texas is a grand ole state - "God's Country" for a fact, a veritable paradise of bloom at this season.

PERSONALLY YOURS

Do you ever dream of becoming a detective - Sherlock Holmes style?

Just at this time of the year, when the warmth of the sun coaxes the tulip, hyacinth, and forsythia into their best Sunday dress, it kind of stimulates the gray matter to untraversed territory. So just for fun, let's play detective and see if you can guess our "Personally Yours" subject for the month. He's a self-styled gangster among other deaf-blind persons. Can you put the finger on this man?

First of all, his middle name should be spelled "Humor" because he loves to upset apple-carts of convention and is a real smooth character with words. When asked if he would give some information for a write-up in "Personally Yours", he said, and we quote:

"Ah, Annette, Annette, do you want to bring a million letters of protest about your ears? That's just what you'll be heading for if you publish a story about me, one of the most unpopular figures in Braille-land. The last I had heard, I'm considered the number one gangster in Deaf-Blindia. But I really haven't done a thing to earn it, nor to earn a place in 'Personally Yours'."

We disagree heartily with the last statement and will set forth a list of clues from our files. Then the mystery man will give you his tips in his own inimitable fashion.

A trip to his home, the upper story of a house at a main street intersection, will show that without sight or hearing he is as adept with his radio as the average radio enthusiast. He has a small receiver which he holds in the palm of his hand. He can easily tell whether there is music on the air or a speaker, by the sense of touch. As the stations come in, he feels the click and tunes from the mouth of the speaker, held in his left hand, as he operates the knobs with the right hand. He has completely

rebuilt the set.

In another part of the room, is his proudest possession, the bat which Ty Cobb used to hit five homers in two days at St. Louis in 1926. Then you'd see the souvenir baseballs, signed by Cobb, Speaker, Walter Johnson, Bill Carrigan, and Connie Mack. He proudly shows you the shut-out ball with which Lefty Groves pitched against the Red Sox. Two of the baseballs are covered with autographs, one of the full Detroit team, and the other signed by nineteen members of the Philadelphia World Champions of 1929.

Our Mr. X wrote out these clues -

"I am of medium height, if five feet six inches is medium. I am of stocky build with broad shoulders and wide chest, but am inclined to overweight. Light complexion, brown hair - thinning and tinged with gray at the temples, blue eyes, high forehead, and thin eyebrows. I am something like the typical Anglo-Saxon, which should give you an idea of my famous or infamous coloring.

"The secret of charm! Heck, heck, that's a tall order as I don't know it myself! But probably it's a keen sense of humor, plus a sort of shy but open friendliness.

"My sight has been gradually fading since I was ten years old. Now I have just about slightly more than light perception, can see bright colors in a bright light. I am totally deaf, no sounds. I lost my hearing just a few days after my sight started to fail. I must mention, however, that my sight started going in such a way that it was almost suddenly I could not read the school textbooks. Well, a few nights later, I went to bed hearing okay, but in the morning I could not hear a thing, never have since. So for practical purposes, I got deaf-blind at the age of ten.

"I have been working in the workshop many years. I make whiskbrooms and toy brooms, and when I have an order completed, I stitch them by hand.

I went to the shop from Perkins, but I did not go to Perkins until three years after I became deaf-blind. During that time I kept chickens, a garden, and split wood.

"In the shop, I have worked at basketry, willow furniture, and horse-hair and fibre brush making. At one time, while working in the willow department, I was out on leave, working in a cafeteria, as night dishwasher. Good job for deaf-blind who can stand the action of soap powder on their skin.

"Baseball is my favorite hobby. Hearing people often marvel, erroneously, because I know so much about the game. But I've followed it long enough, and knew Ty Cobb personally, as well as having met and talked to other stars, including Babe Ruth, Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker, Al Simmons, and many others. When listening over the radio or attending a game, I am told which pitcher and catcher will start the game for each team. When the Umpire bawls "Time", I am told who is up at the bat. Then according to what is happening, I am told "B" for ball, "S" for strike, or "CS" for called strike. For each pitch I am told a ball or a strike, as the case may be. A typical inning, to illustrate, is like this, and we will imagine Mrs. Blank is giving me the game. DeMaggio ups CS. B. B. S. 2-2 B. 3-2 singles. Pesky bunts 1 S. 1 B. 2 B. S. out. Ted, B B B 3 B O S. S 3-1 high fly to right - Home Run! And so on like that for each team in each inning until the final out. If a pitcher goes out, I am told. If a pinch-hitter enters the game, I am told that too, and for whom he is batting. I don't lose much, if any, of the actual plays. If a player makes an error I am told who it is and what damage, if any. I get the game just as the announcer gives it, but stripped of his irrelevance. I am even told some of his remarks! I hope this is all clear, but if not, just ask me and I will try to explain.

"Other hobbies, if you can call them such, are card playing - from Poker

to Whist, sampling perfume, reading and writing, trying out different brands of cigars, arguing politics, and, odd jobs around the house.

"Pet Gripes. The way people, as a whole, treat us deaf-blind, as though we are just part of the scenery, or articles of furniture, without feelings or any normal desires. The way chairs are carelessly left in the way, and doors standing half opened. The slower than slow and careless handling of braille mail. The way normal people or hearing-blind people try to do our thinking for us, and then resent it if we don't agree.

"A typical day is just like any other man who goes to work - get up, eat, smoke, walk to the car, howl for materials, work, and finally home again!"

So that ties up our "Personally Yours" for the month of May, and the master minds knew all along that it was CHESTER ROBERTS, better known as "Chet", we were telling about. He's a grand guy, perfectly harmless, and not a bit gangsterish (so you can put your shotguns down), but colorful just the same in his own fashion, with a giant-sized sense of humor and a goodly portion of inventive genius added to round out his pleasant personality.

---oooOooo---

HOW TO WRITE A BOOK

(In case you want to write a book.)

by

Lillie & Co., Inc.

----oOo----

To write a book, you must be well supplied with both brains and the proper materials. I regret to say I do not have any of those things they call brains, so this will have to be for a story instead of a book; as it never takes brains to write a mere story.

Supplies - The usual ones include plenty of black coffee, cigarettes and cold sandwiches. That will not do for me, I do not like coffee, nor do I inhale, and cold sandwiches would dampen my ardor before I even started, so I must substitute ice cream sodas, chocolate cherries and hamburgers "mit" onions, dill pickles, garlic and mustard. Okey, now let us take the next step.

Naturally, we gotta have braille paper, so being well supplied with several old mail order catalogues, a forty-year old telephone book and some old leaflets on "How to raise Fleas, Fishworms, and to Dehydrate Bug Juice", I am all set, on account of - I do not cultivate fleas, nor associate with worms, and leave the bug juice to the bugs!

The "Title" should oughta come now. Ordinarily Mr. Webster's book would be helpful, but I cannot spell his kind of "woids" anyway, let alone read 'em, so will just make up my own title. "ZIPPYGEYOY" is a good one. "What on earth is 'that'?" How should I know.

The characters come next, or mebbe they will all go after this "thing" comes to light! A villian is necessary. That's easy, the Income Tax Collector is a dilly for that one. The hero? Why ask? Santa Claus is the

best hero that ever perked! The lady villian is the piece? Your best friend who had the nerve to buy an Easter hat exactly like yours. Our heroine? The lady who sold you the hat and swore that it made you look just like Betty Grable! There are minor characters, too, but you can usually find plenty of them stuck in your closet, along with the family skeleton.

What else does it take? I am not looking, I am merely trying to write a story, and anyway, I'M hungry now after such hard work so will go and see what is in the icebox and let you-all write for a spell.

Good Bye.....

---oooOooo---

MEMORY'S SCRAPBOOK

by

Alma M. Jensen

When my parents and I left Nebraska and came to Montana in the fall of 1912, this state was still quite young and the eastern section, where my father took a homestead, was newly settled. Some of the homes were made of logs, others were sod houses, and still others were plain wooden frame houses.

We spent the first winter in a little town some twenty-five miles or so from the place which later became our home. After we moved out to the new homestead, we lived in a one-room shack while my father, who had been a carpenter by trade, built our first home - a small three-room house. The shack later became part of our granary.

When I was about three years old, I "assisted" my father in the building of our sod barn. This was made by plowing the virgin soil about four inches deep and twelve inches wide, then cutting the strips into twenty-four inch lengths and placing them alternately, one on top of the other, just the way bricks would be laid. When the walls were high enough long poles were laid across from one wall to the opposite wall, and these were covered with sod until a thick roof was formed. Years later, when a big wooden barn was built, my sister and I hauled away much of the old, crumbling sod which had once served as a shelter for our livestock.

When I was old enough to go to school, my mother took me to the nearest schoolhouse, in a horse drawn buggy, and came to get me when school was out. Most of the children had long distances to travel each day to get to school and many of them rode horseback.

The schoolhouse was a large, one-room building, unfinished inside. There must have been more than twenty pupils attending this school, coming in all

directions from the surrounding countryside. I was only six then and really don't remember those days too clearly. I don't think I attended that school for more than one term.

The following year a smaller school was started in our own community and I was enrolled there, riding horseback with two children who lived nearby. Because of the severe winters, usually experienced in this part of the country, there were no school sessions during the winter months. One never knew when a blizzard might blow up, and anyone caught in such a storm could easily lose his way and freeze to death before he could be found. As I recall, our school terms in those days were only of three or four months duration - in the summer months.

This second school was smaller than the one I attended first, and there were seldom more than ten or twelve pupils. It was a one-room frame building, with blue tar paper covering the inside walls and ceiling. There was a hole in the paper, just above the teacher's desk, and one day the most mischievous boy in the class, caught a big toad and while the teacher was out got up on her desk and pushed the toad through that hole. During our lessons, we could hear Mr. Toad pattering around above our heads and I am sure Teacher wondered what that could be! After a while the toad tired of exploring his dark, dusty surroundings, and decided it was time to make his departure. He jumped through the hole and landed right on teacher's desk! I suppose she was properly surprised at the unexpected and uninvited visitor, but for some reason I cannot remember what happened after he landed on the desk.

Our school equipment in those early days was somewhat primitive. When recess was over, and teacher wanted to summon us back into the schoolhouse, she banged some hard object against a tin dustpan, but that could not have been for long, for I seem to remember more vividly the little bell she used

later. There were a few real desks for the older students, but we, the little ones, sat on a rough wooden bench by an equally rough wooden table and I remember the latter was a little too high for me to write in comfort. Our blackboard consisted of three, wide smooth boards, nailed on the wall one just above the other, and painted black. I think I remember the blackboard better than anything else in that little schoolhouse because once we gave a program, on the last day of school, and one feature was a little play in which the oldest girl took the part of a teacher, the oldest boy was her beau, and the rest of us were the "brattish" pupils. For my part in the play, I was told to go to the blackboard and write the name of the capitol of Turkey, (which at that time was Constantinople), but I wrote, as I was supposed to "~~Cow-stand-in-the-stable~~". When the next term began, imagine how surprised I was to find those words still on the blackboard!

Of course, I had my sight and hearing in those days. Later, we were fortunate to have a nice new schoolhouse with more up-to-date equipment.

---ooo0ooo---

HEARD ON THE RADIO

NIGHT SHIFT

All through the night the man tossed and turned as a neighbor's dog howled at every little noise. The next morning, red-eyed and gaunt with weariness, the man saw his neighbor going to work.

"Say", he complained, "do you know your dog barked all last night?"

"Yes", was the startling reply, "but don't worry about the dog, he's going to sleep all day today."

SECRET BUSINESS

"But, darling," said the prospective bride, "if I marry you, I'll lose my job."

"Can't we keep our marriage a secret?" asked her fiancé..

"But suppose we have a baby?" she asked.

"Oh, we'll tell the baby, of course!" he replied.

THE POINT IS

A woman answering the bell, found a small boy standing on the door step, with a bow and arrow in his hand.

"Lady," he said pleadingly, "can I have my other arrow?"

"Yes," agreed the housewife kindly, "if I can get it for you. Where is it?"

The boy studied his toes for a long moment. Finally he said "It's stuck in your cat."

FREE

Prison Visitor: "So you're here for seven years, What's the charge?"

Convict: "Why, guv'ner, there isn't no charge. Everything's free 'ere."

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AN EASTER WISH

May your heart be glad
With the hope of spring
And the promis of joys
The future will bring.

---oOo---

THE LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD TREE

At the time of the Crucifixion, the dogwood tree was as large and strong as the oak, and was chosen as the timber of the Cross.

To be used for this purpose distressed the tree, and Jesus, in His pity, promised: "Never again shall you grow large enough to be used for a cross. Henceforth the dogwood tree shall be slender and twisted; its blossoms in the form of a cross ... two long and two short petals. At the edge of each petal there shall be nail prints; in the center of the flower, a Crown of Thorns. And this tree shall be cherished as a reminder of My Cross."

So it has been, and the springtime flowering of the dogwood has remained a symbol of Divine Sacrifice and the triumph of Eternal Life.

MESSAGE FROM MISS DINSMORE'S "GAL FRIDAY"

April is the month for wonderful surprises. Mother Nature really goes to it with a will - the new grass, the lovely early flowers, the beautiful bushes in so many radiant hues, and the warm sunshine to help us forget the many woes and discomforts of winter. Not to be outdone by Mother Nature, "Touch-and Go" has a little surprise for you too! I only hope you will not be disappointed when you find in place of the "Message from Annette Dinsmore" a message from her "Gal Friday".

It is true that I, like so many of you, have always hoped that one day I could write something that would be worthy of publication, but I must confess I feel many misgivings now that the opportunity is here. I fear that my feeble effort will be just that when compared with Miss Dinsmore's natural ability. Though you may find many flaws in my literary style, I hope you will never find any in my devotion, for I have grown so very fond of you in the short time I have been privileged to be Miss Dinsmore's secretary. While I do not know all of you, the friends I have met through the medium of correspondence make me feel humble and grateful that I was chosen for the position. If I am at all successful it will be because you have so inspired me.

How I should like to know you better and feel that you consider me one of your friends. Perhaps the little story which follows will accomplish just that. It was written several years ago when I was a "shut-in", and although I did submit it to several publishers (receiving prompt but very courteous regrets), I vowed that one day it would be printed. Please accept my sincere apologies that at this late date you have to suffer because of my great determination!

. . .

PRESENTING "FUZZY WUZZY"

Last summer, when I received a very cordial invitation to visit a friend at a seaside resort, my first feeling was one of panic. Could I possibly make the long trip? Oh, I so wanted to go, it was exciting and wonderful to contemplate. The fact that my niece Milly Lou, home from college for the summer, was invited to accompany me, gave me some courage.

Meeting the train when it arrived at a nearby station, my friend drove us to her apartment, which had been the living quarters over a very old stable. On the way she explained how it was situated and at the mention of a long flight of steps, a cold hand seemed to touch my heart with fear. However, never having been a coward, I decided to cross that bridge when I came to it. Settling back comfortably, I tried to enjoy the rest of the ride, for the countryside was beautiful. The delicious fragrance of fresh clean air, lovely sweet grass, and occasional whiffs of the sea, were a distinct pleasure to a city dweller.

Upon reaching the apartment and overcoming the obstacle of the single steps - one up and then one down - in the paved patio, I started the long climb. There were two fairly steep flights of steps, and at the top I breathed a sigh of relief, secretly hoping and fervently praying it would not be necessary to go up and down too often.

Entering the living room, we were greeted by soft barks from Miss Muffet, a most ladylike wire-haired terrior. She was quite excited and the fact that she was screened in one of the adjoining rooms made her that much ^{more} interested in the strange voices she heard. Naturally she made a wild rush for the living room the instant she was released.

Remembering all that I had been told about how to make friends with a puppy, I placed my hands low with the palms turned out, and called to her

in a soft voice. She bounded over, first sniffing cautiously, then licking my hands and busily wagging her tail as I stroked her. I was instantly reminded of a cute little poem - "Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear, Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair" - so I most affectionately nicknamed her "Fuzzy Wuzzy". She seemed to like her new name and we became friends at once.

When I was shown to my room, the old fears and misgivings returned. To my dismay, I discovered there were three more steps to contend with before actually reaching it! Fuzzy Wuzzy seemed to sense that I had a decided aversion to steps and from that minute on, whenever I made the slightest move to leave the living room, she was on the alert. Running ahead of me, she would stand at the foot of the three steps, barking softly. As soon as I started up the steps, she made them in one flying leap, rushing down the hall to stand at the far side of the door, and with an insistent muffled bark, warned me not to go further.

With special thanks to a little puppy, I was able to enjoy a lovely holiday for which I shall always be grateful to little Miss Muffet, alias, Fuzzy Wuzzy.

Perhaps by now you have guessed what that dear little puppy seemed to know instinctively - I had recently suffered a severe loss of sight.

. . .

The above incident actually occurred seven years ago. Since then, I am so grateful to be able to tell you, I have regained useful vision in my right eye, though I shall never again have the use of the other one.

If it is ever my good fortune to be called upon again to "pinch hit" for my "boss lady" in the pages of "Touch-and Go", I should like to introduce my new love - Terry Tinker - a six year young puppy.

Louise A. Rauch, Secretary
Services for the Deaf-Blind

PERSONALLY YOURS

(The following article appeared in the Indianapolis "Times" about a year ago, with a photograph of Miss Ada Marie Youmans, bearing the caption - "Live for a Purpose".)

by Opal Crockett

Only her dark glasses betrayed her affliction.

She expressed greater zest for living, she laughed more than most of us.

Self-pity she scorned. Boredom she wouldn't understand.

Miss Ada Youmans, blind since childhood and deaf for years, lives in Galveston with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Moore.

She was raising her glass of orange juice in a toast to friends celebrating birthdays that day I visited her. It's a ritual she performs daily, remembering 500 persons.

I talked to her by pecking out words from the letters of the alphabet which were printed on a fabric glove which she wore. Each part of her hand signified a letter to her.

No day is long enough, she explained. She showed me the thirty braille magazines she takes, the stories, poetry, joke books and recipes she's published, and the quilts she's made from pieces of cloth sent from all parts of the world.

She showed the mats she weaves and her collections of coins, button-hooks, napkin rings, pins and handkerchiefs.

Miss Ada began her busy life while attending the Minnesota School for the Blind in Minneapolis. There she completed fourteen years' work in seven years, and began writing in magazines for the blind.

It was then she was acclaimed third foremost blind and deaf woman in the United States.

Helping the handicapped is her biggest achievement, she said. She addressed a group in Indianapolis last summer and will speak in Franklin later in the fall.

"The handicapped want to laugh and live like normal people. It is my dream to start a first-class boarding house for the handicapped in Indiana, a place where they can come and go as they like, a place where they may have their own door key," she said.

Miss Ada takes part in Galveston Baptist Church activities, helps Mrs. Moore around the house, and keeps informed on all religious and political parties.

She corresponds with more than forty people in foreign countries and takes pride in her appearance, visiting a beauty shop regularly.

"She's always cheerful, even on Sunday when she misses receiving mail," Mrs. Moore said.

Miss Ada was born in London, England. She went to Chicago as a child and later to Harvey, Illinois, where lived her friends, the Moores. Five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Moore moved to Galveston and she came to live with them.

I wanted to describe to Miss Ada that autumn day. Outside the Kitchen window snowy sheets flapped on the clothesline in the morning sun. A feather bed lay airing under the big maple tree.

A square away people took time for each other, chatting in front of the general store and the furniture store-funeral home building.

I wanted to picture for her the high school boys and girls sipping strawberry sodas at the corner drugstore.

Later, as I walked along shady Jackson Street reading one of Miss Ada's poems, I suddenly realized she recognized the important things. She had written:

"Oh, let me see the rainbow so bright

Know that the dawn always follows the night.

Give me the strength to fight every gale,

Give me the will to follow the trail.

"Oh, be my pilot, Dear God, my friend,

Hold fast my hand till life's tempest ends.

Give me a faith that no friend can destroy,

Give me a love that will make life a joy.

"Oh, be my pilot through midnight, through day,

Teach me to serve You, I earnestly pray.

Live for a purpose and work with a will,

And if defeated, Dear God, love me still."

- - - - -

PEN PORTRAIT

We hope that you will enjoy this second "Pen Portrait" which was written in direct response to the "Message" which appeared in the February issue of "Touch-and Go" describing the flight of steps which led to Mr. Simonton's house.

Dear Miss Dinsmore:

I received your letter and also read your "Message" in "Touch-and Go" describing your visit to "Simonton Castle on the Knob".

People from States like New York, where the topography is flat, are usually somewhat nonplused to encounter so many steps. They are commonplace here. You find them scattered all over in the outlying districts, as well as in some of the business sections.

It is beautiful up here in the summer, almost like living in the country. We have wild rabbits and some squirrels, and there are woods up back of the house; yet we are but ten minutes' car ride from the North-Side shopping district, and fifteen minutes from the "Golden Triangle" which is the main "drag" of Pittsburgh.

As you undoubtedly know, Rome, Italy, is called "the city of the seven hills". I intended to say that Pittsburgh could well be characterized the same, but in reality it is called, "the workshop of the world". Huge steel mills line the river banks for miles. The red glow from the open-hearth furnaces lights up the sky at night so that some people, visiting the city for the first time, ask if there is a conflagration.

Pittsburgh is at the confluence of three rivers - the Monongahela, Allegheny, and Ohio. The triangle of land, forming the main business district, is situated between these.

Your mention of the raincoat in Betsie's wardrobe, makes me wonder which is the better dressed - you or Betsie? I am not up on the latest fashions for girldeggies, but with all the innovations in other things I expect to hear that they are sporting merry-widow hats with ostrich plumes!

Unquestionably, Betsie leads a "dog's life", but if she could speak she would probably say: "It ain't so tough"! I could feel the vibrations of her tail thumping, something like the up-and-down movement of a Morse telegraph sender armature - perhaps she was telling a tale with her tail.

With kindest regards, and give my love to Betsie,

Sincerely,

S. C. Simonton.

PLEASE GIVE US A CHANCE

It was a happy family, this little Page group. There was father Page, or Mr. George Page, Sr., his devoted wife Helen, and their children - George, Jr., age fifteen, Paul thirteen, Dorothy ten, Virginia seven, and baby Helen, three.

But tonight, instead of the usual merry laughter as they gathered in the living room after supper, they were a grave and sober group. Aunt Sarah, Helen's sister, had recently lost her husband. Their only child had died a year before and Aunt Sarah was alone in the world; not only alone, but blind and deaf - and, as they thought, helpless as a baby.

More to be polite than anything else, they had offered her a home and she had gladly accepted, feeling that she did have someone after all who wanted her. Her devoted husband, to whom she had been married for thirty-five years, was Mr. Page's cousin and very good friend. Tonight the problem was, what to do about Aunt Sarah? Someone would have to dress and feed her, for what could a deaf-blind person do? After all the plans were made, they retired for the night, to await the arrival of their charge.

Well, the day finally came when Aunt Sarah was due to arrive. She came early in the afternoon. It was Saturday. After the initial greetings, they all sat down to dinner. When Aunt Sarah had been served, they were about to feed her, but, to their astonishment, she began to eat by herself! George, Jr., sat staring at her with his mouth wide open until his father reminded him that his soup was getting cold. "Gee, Dad," he said, "she can eat by herself and not

spill soup down her dress like you do, and you can see." Dad blushed, but it was true.

After dinner, Helen, thinking Aunt Sarah would like to go to her room to rest after her long trip from Nebraska to New Hampshire, was about to ask her if she felt tired, when Aunt Sarah asked to be shown through the house. Everyone gasped, but said nothing. She took careful notice about things - how the furniture was arranged, the doors and windows, how to light and adjust the flame on the stove, as well as how to run the carpet sweeper. Then she went to the laundry and investigated everything. After this tour of inspection, she retired for the night to enjoy a good rest.

As is the case in many homes, no one rises early on Sunday, but Aunt Sarah did. Helen heard stirring about in the kitchen and, slipping out of bed and into her slippers and robe, went down to see what was going on. She stopped to sniff - sausages frying! Reaching the door of the kitchen, she halted again; Aunt Sarah was busy with the mixing bowl. Yes, she was making muffins - she could cook! But what was that funny looking book on the table? Helen had never seen a braille book before. By this time the whole family was aroused. Aunt Sarah, knowing she was being observed, asked "Who is there?" They all came forward. Yes indeed, Aunt Sarah could cook - they found this out that day!

The next morning Helen got another shock when she came downstairs and found Aunt Sarah doing her own washing! It was soon evident she was not the least bit helpless. She could wash, cook, clean her room, and sew. When they told her they thought it might be necessary to

to dress and feed her, how they all laughed together.

"Please give us a chance," said Aunt Sarah, still laughing, "we are normal people and would like to use what we have."

Editor's Note

The above story was received in braille sometime ago, but unfortunately became detached from the sender's letter. We are taking the liberty of publishing it and hope that the author will make his or her identity known so that proper credit can be given in "Touch-and Go".

ONLY A DOG

She stood in the doorway alone looking out across the lawn where he had played and tumbled in such glee. There was no one who understood. Everyone thought, "He was only a dog. Why does she care so much?"

Only a dog? A faithful friend! A joyous, honest, understanding companion! Is all that affection lost? Has he gone into oblivion? Who knows? I would rather believe there is a more peaceful world without the huge iron monsters that so cruelly, and sometimes purposely, crush out life and then go on without regrets -- a world where dogs may roam in safety, and, perchance, be waiting for us when we come.

--- Helen Swift Andrews

(Mrs. Andrews, who knew my mother intimately from childhood, is one of my dearest friends. She has given me much needed encouragement and guidance throughout the years, and needless to say has shown great interest in our services for deaf-blind people. She has a real gift for writing and has graciously offered to let us publish some of her compositions in "Touch-and Go". You will be interested in knowing that "Only A Dog" was written for her "Mystery Club", which requires each member to submit a paper anonymously from time to time. The members must try to determine the author before the name can be announced.

A.B.D.)

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Conclusion

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CHARLIE AND THE ANIMALS

by

Anna Mae Johnson

Little Charlie was a bright boy, eleven years of age. He worked at the zoo, fetching and carrying. One day, Charlie decided to give the animals a nice picnic. He had been touched by their pitiful pleas for freedom. So, going to Jim, the keeper of the zoo, he asked to borrow the keys. Jim liked Charlie, and without thinking to ask why he wanted the keys, absent-mindedly turned them over to him. Charlie lost no time in opening the cages, shouting as he did so: "You are free, you are free!" And then, things began to happen!

Jumbo, the elephant, made a dash for the door but got caught there. Not wishing to be hindered in his dash for freedom, he gave a great swelling push and down came the door and the sides of the building with it. He headed for the grocery store which was crowded, and although everyone was in a panic, Jumbo paid them no mind, for he had smelled peanuts! Mrs. Jones, who was very fat, looked frantically for a place to hide. She jumped into a pickle barrel but got stuck. Jumbo, being very kind-hearted, decided to help her. He very gently lifted her out with his trunk, set her in the flour barrel, and went on his way.

By this time, the town was in an uproar and bears, lions, tigers, monkeys and snakes were paying the citizens a visit. Leo, the lion, had gone, of all places, to the undertaker's. That serene gentleman was dressing a corpse but on seeing Leo, quickly forgot his dignity, and scrambled for cover. Mrs. White was there looking for a casket,

but one fleeting glimpse of Leo was enough. She ran to a large box, lifted the lid, and was about to jump in, when, discovering to her horror that a dead man was already there, quickly rushed off to find another hiding place.

Jocko, the monkey, had wandered into the home of Mr. Ward. He had such a nice time swinging from the chandeliers, when he heard someone whistling. Running up-stairs to investigate, he found Mr. Ward taking a bath. With a flying leap, Jocko landed on Mr. Ward's back, and in typical monkey-fashion began scratching the head he saw within reach, searching for whatever it is little monkeys find so interesting.

By this time, Jim had awakened from his absent-mindedness and suddenly realized what had happened. He frantically called the police, firemen, air-men, and local guard into action. It took several days to restore order, but even after that, many a snake or small animal was discovered. There were quite a few angry families, for the animals had eaten most of the food, aided by the billy goats who had taken care of the tin cans and clothing!

Charlie was very well pleased, and when asked why he did it, replied: "Gosh, how would you like to be locked up in a cage all the time? They need to get out once in a while, too, so I just let them out for the day."

But, you can be sure, Jim never allowed anyone to have his keys to the zoo again!

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp contrast to the warm blanket I had been sitting under. I looked up at the sky, which was a pale, overcast grey. The air felt heavy, almost oppressive. I took a deep breath, trying to clear my mind. The silence around me was broken only by the distant hum of traffic and the occasional bird call.

I walked towards the park, my feet crunching on the dry leaves. The trees were bare, their branches reaching out like skeletal fingers against the sky. A few people were seen in the distance, bundled up in winter coats. I felt a sense of isolation, as if I were the only one there. The path I was on was well-trodden, but it felt like I was venturing into a new world. The cold was a constant reminder of the season, a reminder that time was passing. I tried to focus on the present, on the feel of the ground beneath my feet and the crisp air in my lungs.

As I continued my walk, the park opened up before me. There were patches of snow on the grass, and the trees were covered in a light dusting of white. The sun was out, but its light was diffused by the clouds, creating a soft, even glow. I stopped for a moment to look at a small pond. The water was still, reflecting the pale sky. A few ducks were swimming in the pond, their heads bobbing up and down. I felt a sense of peace, a momentary escape from the worries of the world. The cold was no longer a burden; it was a part of the beauty of the season.

I walked on, my mind clearing as I moved. The park was a mix of old and new, with ancient trees standing alongside modern structures. The air was clean, and the sounds of nature were clear. I felt a sense of connection to the world around me, a sense of being part of something larger than myself. The cold was a reminder of the passage of time, but it was also a reminder of the beauty of the present. I took another deep breath, feeling the cold air fill my lungs. The world was quiet, and I was alone. It was a strange, beautiful feeling.

THE MONKEY'S VIEWPOINT

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree

Discussing things as they're said to be.

Said one to the others, "Now listen, you two-

There's a certain rumor that can't be true,
That a man descended from our noble race.

Why! the very idea! It's a dire disgrace!

No monkey ever deserted his wife,

Starved her baby or ruined her life.

And you've never known a mother monk

To leave her young with others to bunk
Till they scarcely knew their mother!

And another thing you'll never see-

A monk build a fence around a cocoanut tree
And let the cocoanuts go to waste
Forbidding all other monks to taste.

Why, if I build a fence around this tree

Starvation would force you to steal from me.

Here's another thing a monk won't do;

Go out at night and get on a stew;
Or use a gun or a club or a knife
To take some other monkey's life.

Yes, man descended, the onery cuss,

But, brother, he didn't descend from us!

Author Unknown

HEARD ON THE RADIO

Now you Know -

It was late when the daughter of the house came down to breakfast. Her mother greeted her with a smile.

"Darling," she said, "you were awfully late coming in last night. I'm afraid I'm dreadfully old-fashioned, but I should like to know where you go."

The daughter smiled, "Certainly, I'll tell you, Mummy," she replied. "I dined with - oh, well, you don't know him anyway; and then we went to several places that I don't suppose you've been to; and we finished up at a queer little club - I forget its name. It's all right, isn't it, Mummy?"

"Of course it is, darling, its only that Mother likes to know."

Sharp Hint

Mr. Spriggins (timidly): "My dear, a man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button on his coat which the bullet struck."

Mrs. Spriggins: "Well, what of it?"

Mr. Spriggins: "Nothing, only the button must have been on."

Classroom Antics

Teacher to student who is half an hour late to school: "You should have been here at nine o'clock."

Student: "Why? What happened?"

History Teacher: "In what battle did General Wolfe, hearing of victory, cry, 'I die happy'?"

Smart Kid: "His last battle".

The suburbanite who calls the children's playroom the "noisery" has, we think, the proper pronunciation.

Serious Error

A small town doctor had a hard time remembering names and people. One day a young lady came to his office to pay her bill. In making out the receipt, he couldn't remember her name. Not wanting to appear so forgetful, and deciding to try to get a clue to her name, he asked: "Do you spell your name with an "e" or an "i"?"

"What?" she exclaimed. "Why doctor, you ought to know my name is Hill!"

Good Question

MacPherson was strolling down the street when he noticed what he thought was the familiar figure of a friend. Quickening his steps, he came up to the man and slapped him on the back. To his amazement and confusion he saw that he had greeted an utter stranger.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said apologetically, "I thought you were an old friend of mine, Mackintosh, by name."

The stranger recovered his wind and replied heatedly: "And supposing I were Mackintosh, do you have to hit me so hard?"

"What do you care," retorted MacPherson, "how hard I hit Mackintosh?"

Good Company

Young Mrs. Jones, a bride of a few months, found her days long and lonely while her husband was away at his office. Smiling sweetly at hubby as he was preparing to leave for the office, she said:

"Darling, I heard you tell Bill the other day that money talks, is that true?"

"That's right, dear. It really does."

"Well, how about leaving a few dollars in the house. I get terribly lonesome."

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TOUCH--AND GO

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TOUCH--AND GO

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An original Parody
on the well-known song

"THEY CALLED IT IRELAND"

by

S. C. Simonton

-----OO-----

Have you ever heard the story of how old Ireland came to be?
There's a legendary tale about that isle's discovery.
Down through the years it's origin remained a mystery -
But here's the way a sailorman once told the yarn to me.

Chorus

Sure, a Jewish boy named Abie fell..from out an areoplane..
And he landed on an island..with his derby hat and cane.
And when the natives saw him..sure they took him for a Saint..
And built for him a Synagogue..all covered with green paint.
Abie sent for friends and relatives..who opened up pawn-shops..
And they soon owned all of that island..patrolled by Irish cops.
When you meet a son of Erin with sham..rocks in his hand..
Don't forget t'was Abie Goldstein who..discovered I.re.land.

-----OO-----

Editor's Note

It being March and the "St. Patrick's Day" issue, we think this
is timely.

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

There is a song, popular just now, called "Shrimp Boats am A'comin'" which appeals to me because it paints a vivid picture .. first showing the excitement of the "women folk" catching sight of the sails on the horizon which tell them that their "men folk" are almost home. The women cry out in delight that "there'll be dancin' tonight" .. and call out to the men "won't you hurry, hurry, hurry home" all done to rollicking music with an undercurrent of breathless wonder. Then there is a brief period at home, mending nets and repairing sails. All too soon, the shrimp boats take off again .. the husbands on board, the wives wailing on shore watching the sails disappear. Betsie and I have no one to greet us with such wild enthusiasm or to mourn our departure with cries of anguish, but there is a certain thrill in hurrying home which is usually accompanied by a bit of modest celebration, and people tell us they miss us when we "set sail" again. At present we are in the process of "mending the nets", actually pounding the typewriter, hoping that everything will be finished before we leave for Indiana in March.

Last month we left you, our readers, rather suspended in Pittsburgh, I think. The three weeks that followed were strenuous, but very encouraging. The Iowa School for the Deaf has established a department for little deaf-blind children with several skilled teachers who seem to have the spirit that is needed to build a good program. There are seven children enrolled there now and plans are being made to admit more as soon as additional teachers can be trained. Several other

schools for the deaf and for the blind were visited and the interest in the problems of educating these children, on a nation-wide basis, is growing so that we can begin to see some hope for the future.

Betsie and I ran into below zero temperatures in Iowa and Illinois and had one breath-taking ride, through an ice storm, from Chicago to Peoria. Betsie relaxed completely when the bus crept along at five miles an hour, while I sat rigid! The next day we were driven, in a private car, on icy roads - every few feet taking a sideways swerve. Now and then the driver remarked casually, "There's a car in the ditch." Finally, I asked in a weak voice, "How big is the ditch?" Somehow we avoided that ditch, I will never know why.

The last week of our trip we thawed out in the sunshine and warmth of Louisiana, where the fragrance of new cut grass, the perfume of sweet flowering shrubs, azalias, roses, sweet olive and the like, made it seem as if we had slept for a few months to wake up in summer time. We carried a bit of the beauty back with us to the cold wintry sidewalks of New York.. a box containing a dozen delicate camellia blossoms - rare and lovely as orchids.

Recently Betsie and I made a guest appearance on a television broadcast and, as you might guess, Betsie stole the show! It was on the semi-weekly program, "Pots, Pans and Personalities" conducted by Mrs. Mary Wilson, a home economist, who sprinkles each interview with demonstrations of cooking to recommend the products of various sponsors. The day we appeared, some special cookies were among the features and, breaking all rules, I gave Betsie one. She ate it with gusto and spent the rest of the time watching for more tidbits. During the interview we talked about deaf-blind housewives, because this topic seemed appro-

priate, and we showed a few of the cooking gadgets from the Foundation's Special Services Department. We also demonstrated the alphabet glove and the vibrator alarm clock because these could be shown clearly in the picture.

In talking of trips, Betsie's name was mentioned several times, and the cameraman spotlighted her in close-ups to show the ears pricked and the tail wagging. One close-up of the tail alone, waving delightedly, was very effective.

Of course, I didn't have time to say half the things I wanted to but did manage to tell the audience how spunky you are, and that deaf-blind housewives have earned the reputation of being excellent cooks.

Unfortunately, it was a local Philadelphia station so that Louise Rauch was unable to see it here in New York - much to her regret and annoyance. However, I was able to tell her that it was most successful for I had many favorable reports from my family and friends, in and near Philadelphia, who actually "caught" it.

And so the days and weeks fly by and there is never enough time. However, when I feel particularly rushed and under pressure, and find myself a bit confused, I remember the advice a charming lady, with many years of experience, gave us, a class of young teachers in training. It was, "Never hurry -- just put your motions close together." Try this sometime, it really works!

Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

PERSONALLY YOURS

(An excerpt from an article which appeared in the November 1951 issue of "The Silent Worker" by "Loco" Ladner.)

CHECKMATE!

This month we are introducing a truly remarkable person--remarkable in his success in business as well as in chess; remarkable in his overcoming the double handicap of deafness and blindness; remarkable for his philosophy of life, summed up in his own words: "The time to be happy is now, the place to be happy is here; the way to be happy is to make others so." Although Samuel William Bean of Alameda, California has been totally deaf and blind for forty-two years, he lives with the times and is as cognizant of events and happenings as an average person with normal vision and hearing.

Mr. Bean was born in Redwood City, California on March 5, 1896. His father was a contractor and builder. As told by Mr. Bean himself, his affliction came about as follows: "I was watching some boys on a playground when I was thirteen. One of the boys picked up a rock and threw it, only playing. It hit me on the head, caused intense inflammation and destroyed the optic and auditory nerves."

After his accident, his family moved to Alameda and enrolled Sam at the California School for the Blind in nearby Berkeley. He had a wonderful teacher, Miss Mary White Eastman, herself blind, who taught him that a handicap is a handicap only in the degree to which he allows it to master him. In loving memory of his teacher, Sam wrote a touching poem, "Light in Darkness".

It was at the school that he met a young woman teacher whom he later married. They had two sons, Samuel, Jr. and Earl Ray, both now prosperous business men. Their happy married life ended in 1933 as Mrs. Bean died from rheumatic fever.

Sam's love of people led him into becoming a salesman. He and his wife travelled extensively all over the United States, Mexico and Canada, in his business as salesman. At present he is the star salesman of brooms and brushes for the Industrial Home for the Blind in Oakland. He recently married again.

Among his achievements is a little book of poems, "Light in Darkness." It contains several poems by which he feelingly expressed his philosophy of living and some of his experiences. Sam is also skilled in cabinetmaking, stringing of tennis rackets and other skillful pursuits. He is able to play a couple of tunes on the piano with no miscue.

In 1915 he won a gold medal at the Pan-American Exposition for work done by the handicapped.

Sam reads braille and keeps up on current events, goes hunting and fishing at the slightest opportunity and can dance gracefully.

All these years he has kept the use of his speech and readily makes himself understood to hearing persons. They in turn, either trace their messages in writing in the palm of his hand or employ the manual alphabet within his hand.

In chess Mr. Bean has come to be recognized as an expert player and a formidable opponent. His career is remarkable for one so sorely handicapped. He has won the championship of Alameda and a handsome loving cup for it. He has also been a member of the Oakland Chess and Checker Club for many years and last year (1950) realized his goal by winning the club

championship. He has always been near the top in every club tournament. He has also played in six North vs. South matches and has won more than he lost in these games. At present he is participating in an international match for the world's champion blind chess player. Opponents in the first elimination round are one from each of these countries - England, Norway, Swenden, Germany and Austria.

In playing an opponent, Sam uses his specially constructed chess board. He feels the men by touching their tops, which are different for Black and White men. He plays rather slowly after the opening moves and his memory is remarkable. His patience seems endless as he sits hour after hour in darkness at these games. But all the time his mind is working on the games as his opponents discover, often to their chagrin.

We salute this remarkable man, not only for his chess playing but also for his cheerful outlook on life. He has a zest for living and has made his life a pattern for others.

-----oOo-----

Editor's Note:

We found this clipping about one of our deaf-blind friends, who is well-known to many of you, and thought we would like to share it with you.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

----O----

Inspired by and dedicated to my teacher and friend, Miss Mary White Eastman
- - - - -

Crouched in a dark and silent tomb,
 Apart, alone, in gloomy grief;
Affliction clouded life and hope -
 I knew no solace, no relief.

I saw no light, I heard no sound,
 Despair a spectre ever near.
My vitals shrunk, in horror clutched,
 And I was bound by chains of fear.

Injustice ruled my mental state,
 I suffered wrongs I would not own -
The blight affliction had bestowed,
 Dragged me down with weight of stone.

Within my world no light of day,
 No sound of harmony or peace!
My deadened soul awoke at last,
 Inspired by One who brought release!

I sensed her light, her warmth, her love,
 Which penetrated through my gloom;
'Twas then my shameful self I saw,
 Creating Hell to be my doom.

My angel, with her pure desires,
 The best within me stirred to growth;
Her wisdom led me step by step
 Through understanding felt by both.

My cup of sorrow she had drained -
 Thus deep responded unto deep;
She taught me life was all in thought,
 How, daily sowing, we must reap.

My wounds were healed, my grief dispelled,
 I then found justice in God's plan!
No more afflictions blight I owned -
 From false ideas I rose a man!

Resolved to make the best of life;
To mould conditions with strong will.
And not to be the pray of fate,
Succumbing to a fleshly ill.

My eyes within now see the light -
Divinest harmonies I hear;
My hopes and joys are not of earth,
But vibrate in a higher sphere.

My guiding angel I adore!
Her love and wisdom sacred are!
No fear of darkness can appall -
She is my light, my guiding star!

I would be worthy of her love,
Which points the way to truth devine;
I would to others proffer help,
And try to let my light far shine.

-- Samuel W. Bean

THIS AND THAT FROM TEXAS

by

Cora Abbie Corman

-----O-----

Stories you have heard them tell
About a State that's known so well
Long indeed, I'd hesitate
The many wonders to relate
Of Texas, My Texas.

Texas! What a name to conjure with! On the second day of March Texas celebrates her 116th year of independence from Mexico. March 2, 1836 she became a "Free and Independent Republic" and elected a President from among her War Generals, whose fame as a "Great Leader" is in no wise dimmed by the passing of time.

Then, in 1848, Texas joined the Union, the biggest thing that ever happened to the United States - and she still is to this day! TEJAS - Indian name for Texas - meaning Friend or Friends; the Old Hen with her forty-seven chickens hovering around her! What a sight! The old hen dips her beak into the Gulf of Mexico, clucks at and scratches merrily for her brood, while they indulge in wise-cracking at her expense, poke fun at and tell jokes about her, but for all that, she is the biggest thing in the U. S. A.! She can show them all a clean pair of heels as she sprints toward the Gulf, but she is not running from them, nor does she contemplate casting herself into the Gulf! Oh, not at all, she's just going down them to catch some tadpoles and minnows for the bid-dies! Now, will you be good?

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

The history of the United States is a story of a people who have grown from a small colony of English settlers to a great nation. The story begins with the first English settlers in 1607, who came to America in search of a new home. They found a land of great beauty and abundance, but they also found a land of great danger. The Native Americans, who had lived in the land for centuries, were hostile to the settlers. The settlers fought a series of wars with the Native Americans, and they won. But the Native Americans were not the only danger to the settlers. The English government, which had sent the settlers to America, was also a danger. The government wanted to control the settlers, and it tried to do so by passing laws that the settlers did not like. The settlers fought a series of wars with the government, and they won. The United States was born. The story of the United States is a story of a people who have grown from a small colony of English settlers to a great nation. The story begins with the first English settlers in 1607, who came to America in search of a new home. They found a land of great beauty and abundance, but they also found a land of great danger. The Native Americans, who had lived in the land for centuries, were hostile to the settlers. The settlers fought a series of wars with the Native Americans, and they won. But the Native Americans were not the only danger to the settlers. The English government, which had sent the settlers to America, was also a danger. The government wanted to control the settlers, and it tried to do so by passing laws that the settlers did not like. The settlers fought a series of wars with the government, and they won. The United States was born.

A preacher friend told me this one recently -

"Four men died about the same time and stood together before St. Peter at the Golden Gate. St. Peter asked each man his name, occupation and where he came from on the earth. The first man answered, 'John Smith, farmer, Kentucky.' St. Peter said, 'You have been a very good man, you may enter the Pearly Gates.' This questioning and answering went on until it came to the fourth man's turn, and he replied, 'From Texas, Sir.' St. Peter looked up, frowned dubiously, and said: 'Well, you may go in, but you won't like it - it won't be good enough, nor big enough for a Texan.'"

He must have been the fellow who wrote the poem, "Texas, A Paradise" (same man also wrote, "Hell in Texas"). The latter poem was written during the terrible drought which all but devastated and pauperized this glorious State. The first named poem was written five years after the drought, proving that Texas could actually lift herself out of "Hell" by her bootstraps, as it was said she did. You just can't "Down" Texas nor a Texan.

During the afore mentioned drought, the song, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" came into being - one could not hear anything else. Cowboys even danced to that tune. When it did rain, a group of them were out on the open range. One felt a cold splash on the neck and looking up caught another big splash on his face. He promptly fainted! It took three buckets of sand, thrown over him, to bring him around!

Yes, Texas, Grand Old Texas! Long may her Lone Star banner wave! It is said that once you get the sands of Texas in your shoes, and the cockleburrs of Texas in your hair, you will be bound to come back to Texas, no matter how far away you may wander.

DETAILS FROM DICK

Excerpts from letters received from Richard Kinney, our deaf-blind student, who re-entered Mount Union College last September, accompanied by his student-companion, Henry Damm.

September 20, 1951

Bingham Hall

"My portable typewriter, a casualty of two weeks, is back in commission, and I, a casualty of seven years, am back in college. Provided my mechanical stenographer is in a docile mood, the first fact should help me write to you about the second.

Henry and I arrived on the campus last Sunday, though fortunately not at the same time. In the finest tradition of the first-arriving roommate, I dutifully pre-empted the lower half of the double-decker bed, the wardrobe with a door and the upper drawers of the bureau. In military tactics, this is known as getting there fustest with the mostest. But now that two decks have been installed to hold our many gadgets, we are both well content.

Monday and Tuesday were spent in getting mixed up socially, I mean this literally, for those were the days when the innocent newcomer tended to hail baggy-trousered Ph. D.'s as Mister and to bestow an honorary doctorate on the distinguished-looking janitor. The boys here at Bingham have been grand to me. The senior across the hall has a rudimentary grasp on the manual, and perhaps a dozen other chaps have talked to me on the glove.

And that's how the land lies this morning. I'll do my best to keep you informed as events progress."

October 18, 1951

Bingham Hall

"Four weeks in college already! I wish the expression about time's flying were mine to invent.

Life at the dorm continued pleasantly. Of the fourteen boys besides us who board here, five have learned the manual, two still use the glove and seven remain shadowy figures known largely by name. The percentages are encouraging, I think. I'm more than pleased that the quarterback across the hall has turned out to be a chess sharp after my own heart. Ronnie Smith, our future engineer, proposes to teach me contract bridge.

Henry and I are fortunate in having a remarkable faculty adviser, Professor Onyett, who is actually learning braille! His love of chess also gives him a bond with me.

We were given a social break last week in being invited to speak in chapel. You may be sure I seized the opportunity to publicize the glove and to welcome self-introductions. I carry the glove in my left breast pocket, with one fingertip just protruding. The boys and girls seem to get pleasure from special signs by which to identify themselves. Some write an initial on my shoulder; others have code taps and squeezes. The quarterback has probably the jauntiest greeting, rapping out 'Shave and a haircut, bay rum.'"

November 17, 1951

Bingham Hall

"Out of the wind and snow to thank you, at long last, for your pleasant letter.

As of now, we are temporarily over the hump here at Mount

Union, with midterm papers and exams a week in the past. To say that the reservoirs of midnight oil were markedly depleted during the crisis is to put it mildly. To the Bingham boys, the night before the morning after does not necessarily mean a hot time in the old town.

But all has not been work. When a fraternity house party fell due, Ronnie Smith, our local glamor boy, arranged my first date on the campus. Ann and I were introduced at four in the afternoon. The same day, at eight in the evening, we went to the party, I wearing an alphabet glove on my left hand, she carrying a manual chart in hers. So far as I am concerned, we got along famously, and I think she had a good time, too. At least I certainly hope so."

February 1, 1952

East Sparta, Ohio

"The tumult and the shouting, the clash of arms and the din of battle have temporarily died away. The customary watchful truce between semesters is now in effect.

Among the items I have to report, the first one is that the results of final exams are not yet known. As Will Cuppy used to say, "Goody!" Such news always comes soon enough. I can perhaps give you some impression of the climactic political science hurdle by quoting question 41, which went something like this: 'Having come thus far through manifold perils and with dubious results, I feel (1) dizzy; (2) ready to swear--that is, if I were the swearing type of person; (3) thrilled with joy at the prospect of

completing this scintillating test; (4) prepared to take up residence in a mental institution.' I'll leave you to speculate on which answer I chose.

And now, as the deadline for the afternoon mail approaches apace, I had better sound the chimes and sign off. I should have more news on affairs new and old for you soon.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely,

Dick Kinney"

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

One of our young deaf-blind friends, Miss Margaret Warren, c/o Mrs. Buch, Luzerne, Iowa, would like very much to have some "Pen Pals".

The Reverend O. C. Schroeder, Editor and Librarian, The Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod, 1648 East 85th Street, Chicago 17, Illinois, has asked us for the names and addresses of deaf-blind people living in or near Chicago. We cannot furnish this information, but if any of you in that area wish to write to him directly, we feel sure that he would be glad to hear from you.

HEARD ON THE RADIO

Advice to Husbands:

If your wife likes to play bridge, play bridge with her; if your wife washes dishes, wash dishes with her; if your wife mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her!

Rare Jewel:

Pete: "I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me in six months."

Al: "Better think twice. Wives like that are hard to find."

Taller:

Finding she tired quickly, a woman decided to weight herself. As she stepped off the scales her husband eyed her appraisingly and asked: "Well, what's the verdict? A little over-weight?"

"Oh no" said his wife, "but according to that height table on the scales, I should be about six inches taller!"

Doesn't Know:

Little boy: "Mother, when the fire goes out, where does it go?"

Mother: "My dear child, I don't know. You might just as well ask me where your father goes when he goes out."

Important:

An elderly lady, after long trips through impressive hallways and an

hour of waiting, was permitted to see a high-up assistant in the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

"But I want to see the Secretary of Agriculture himself," she protested.

"He's not in just now, madam," said the official. "Can't you tell me what it is you want to see him about?"

"Well," she replied in a small voice, "I have a geranium that isn't doing so well."

Ain't Saying Who:

At an amateur show one budding star imitated a well-known actor who was to appear on the same bill. Afterwards the amateur tackled the professional.

"Would you mind telling me what you thought of my abilities as shown by my impersonation of you?" he asked.

"Well," said the other cheerfully, "one of us is awful."

*Pickens
J & L*

TOUCH--AND GO

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TOUCH--AND GO

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A V A L E N T I N E

FROM THE HEART OF A "WAG"

TO MY FRIENDS WHO READ

"TAG"

Beef bones are good,

Dog biscuits too,

But this is my message

Coming to you:

Be

My

V a l e n t i n e !

B e t s i e D i n s m o r e

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

There is an expression in the theater--"one night stands" which is used to describe the kind of trip made by a road show which gives one performance in a given town, moving on the next day to another place. Betsie and I are now making "two night stands" and feel very much like hoptoads. We are flying, weather permitting, through the middle west; not in the big, nonstop Constellation planes, but in the smaller variety, known as puddle jumpers." We were grounded on one jump so far and had to take a five-hour train trip from Harrisburg, Pa., to Pittsburgh. Betsie cried most of the way because the train rocked and bumped and made all sorts of suspicious and dangerous noises. We arrived in Pittsburgh about two in the morning, too late to get even a sandwich. The diner on the train was at least eight cars away and I had been too lazy to make the excursion through them, counting on food when I reached the hotel. In this respect, Betsie fared better than I, for she did have some dog biscuits.

The main purpose of this trip is to consider the problem of education for young deaf-blind children, visiting schools and meeting some of our babies with their parents. So far we have seen two three-year old boys, each in his own home, playing happily with his toys and taking the first faltering steps on the uphill road of life. These two children are both fortunate in having parents who love them deeply and who have great concern for their future welfare. The greatest problem is to find a school for them but we are hoping that this can be solved since we have two to three years at least to make plans. In the next few days we expect to see several other children, six years old and over, who have no place to go to school and this situation is really alarming. These children need a chance and surely, somehow, our America must give them that chance!

Along the way, Betsie and I dropped in to see a few of our deaf-blind friends--Katherine Frick, Samuel Simonton, and one or two others. Betsie had a chance to show Katherine her new raincoat and was properly admired. She also had a chance to romp in the yard while Katherine and I talked of many things.

Samuel Simonton made us very welcome, too, and showed us the device he has rigged up for using the Morse Code. Unfortunately, I have never mastered the Morse Code but Sam understood me very well through printing, and, of course, Betsie talked to him with her thumping tail. She always thumps her tail to ask for more petting. There was a long flight of steps up to Sam's house and we felt as if we were climbing the Washington monument but this was probably very good exercise for us both. Pittsburgh is called the city of the seven hills although it seems more like seven times seven to me, and I was glad that Old Man Winter had relaxed for a few days so that the walks were dry and free of ice.

By the time these pages reach you, our trip will be over and we will all be counting the weeks until spring. In listening to various weather reports from all parts of the country--freak storms in southern California, snow-bound regions in Wisconsin and the like--I find myself associating all such bits of information with deaf-blind persons in each area, wondering how you may be affected personally. Every month in this service brings an increasing sense of unity with you and I wonder if you realize how strikingly your personalities stand out against the background of everyday living for me and for all of us who are interested in you. You are gay, mentally alert, with a sensitive interest in the problems of others, which could teach the rest of the

world a much-needed lesson. Recently, I boasted about you to a group of business women at an evening meeting. They seemed astonished and tremendously interested, asking questions for almost an hour after the initial speech was finished. Perhaps, through such contacts, we are beginning to open the door to public understanding. May you all keep well and busy this winter and may you all share in the joy of good companionship with immediate friends or with your letter pals!

Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

PERSONALLY YOURS

More than twenty years ago, Breta F. Cornelius started with an idea-- a magazine for deaf-blind readers--and a lot of spunk. She thought deaf-blind persons would enjoy a magazine of their own. She began by circulating one copy of a magazine, the pages of which were sewn together with a large darning needle. The magazine became so popular that the dots were worn down by many inquiring fingers. Today she is the editor of "Good Cheer", the only editor since its founding. The magazine reflects her personality--her cheerful disposition, her gentle kindness and hearty laugh, scattering cheer to hundreds of deaf-blind readers.

How did she find such a happy name for her publication? Mrs. Cornelius held a contest among the members of two clubs which she had started, and offered a prize for the best entry. A dear little lady in New York, Mrs. Elva Shaw (Aunt Elva), won the contest with the name she submitted, "Good Cheer," stating that "Whenever my magazine comes, I sing and am so cheerful. It brings me good cheer." Aunt Elva, loved by all, is now deceased.

The credit for the magazine's popularity goes not only to its active editor, but to its staff of writers, whom Mrs. Cornelius describes as "some of the best writers in braille-land."

"Myrtle G. Pond was my very first helper," she states, "and it was she whom I told initially of my idea for such a magazine. Myrtle edits 'News of General Interest!'"

"Klara Johnson edits the 'Post Office', which is of extreme interest in that the deaf-blind love to read the letters from the friends they have made through 'Good Cheer'."

"Bud Spilker edits the 'Work Shop' and is loved by all the readers for his sunny disposition.

"Stubby and Lillie Sabinske edit the 'Pet's Corner' and 'Cook Book' respectively.

"Esther Williams edits 'Birthday Bank' and sees that everyone is remembered on his birthday and other times of need.

"Walter Holloway and Warren Cobb contribute stories, most of them true experiences.

"Ray Logan edits 'The Voice of the Deaf-Blind', through which he does many acts of kindness.

"Sam Bean and Johnny Higuerra have the 'Poem Department'.

My daughter, Ruth, assists with "Special Notices", acknowledgments and necessary correspondence."

Mrs. Cornelius continues, "A great helper in another sense is Harlan Young, Associate Editor. He is head bank teller at one of the large banks here in Topeka, and while he does not assist with actual output of the magazine, he takes care of the bank account and assists at our occasional Board meetings.

Mrs. Mason, office manager of an office supply company, and Mrs. Heil, Official Courthouse Reporter, both assist as business Managers, and in fund-raising projects.

Breta Cornelius keeps house, too, stating "There are four in the family, husband, daughter, brother and myself. Before I fractured my leg, I did almost all the cooking and housework. However, my duties will be somewhat limited until I fully recover.

"A typical day before I had my accident—I was up at 6:00 in the morning, got breakfast, housecleaned, prepared the noon meal, washed dishes, did some ironing, prepared the evening meal and then long evenings were spent with my braille work. However, now I am only able to do a part of the work.

"I was totally blind almost seven years. For three of them, I knew no braille system of any kind and was quite deaf. I have trouble now in seeing across a room unless the lights are on brightly and I can read type under a table lamp, but not perfectly. I have part vision in one eye only.

"I have been deaf for about the same length of time. Some twenty odd years ago, due to removal of my tonsils, which caused hemorrhages, my eyesight and hearing gradually left me," she states. Mrs. Cornelius tells me this amusing incident. "One evening during the time I was totally deaf-blind, while anxiously awaiting my husband's return from work, I sensed that someone had entered the kitchen. I ran to greet him with a kiss, and imagine my embarrassment--it was the grocery boy!" She laughed. "It was a long time before I lived that down."

Mrs. Cornelius has found that in publishing "Good Cheer" and spreading her product, she has made considerable good cheer for herself. She evaluates her twenty years thusly. "I have made some wonderful friends through the magazine and we have helped each other to a happier and more useful life."

SCRAMBLES

Matthew W. Black, Jr.

I learned about scrambles from a friend of my father's, and thought I would like to make some, too. I think they are fun, and hope you will like them.

Editor's Note: The number of little words in the scrambles has no relation to the number of words in the answers, which are usually one word, except for "New Orleans," "West Virginia," "Des Moines."

<u>Scramble</u>	<u>Clue</u>
1) Fins led grip	State Capital
2) Fair nail co	State in U. S.
3) When hair pems	State in U. S.
4) Vallis hen	State capital
5) Sin lop dinia	State capital
6) Dad is nap grr	City in Michigan
7) Can devell	City in Ohio
8) Happie Hallid	City in Penna.
9) Rabi motel	City in Maryland
10) Wish not hag	State in U. S.
11) I serv winatig	State in U. S.
12) Ren sale now	City in the South (U. S.)
13) Kamy cat hiloo	State capital
14) Die on mess	State capital
15) Hire gal	State capital
16) Cum u slob	State capital
17) Stan creamo.	State capital
18) Tommy goner	State capital
19) Kan bears	State in U. S.
20) Spin on a mile	City in Middle west

SNAP-SHOTS
From My Boyhood Notebook

Everett L. McCaulley

The first home I well remember was a "cold water" flat in Brooklyn, a five-flight walk up. One morning I looked out of the kitchen window and down on the street was a white wagon with a large black horse hitched to it-- a Borden's Milk Wagon. It stood out in bold relief against the dreary scene of the vacant lots littered with rubbish.

About a year later we moved to Huntington, Long Island. My father, a plasterer by trade, rode a bicycle to and from work at Oyster Bay every day, a distance of about fifteen miles over rough, hilly, unpaved roads.

We again moved, this time to Oyster Bay Cove. The man who was moving us stopped to rest his horse and I went around to the rear of the wagon and opened the door of a box that held about fifteen chickens. They were glad to stretch their wings but the language which the man used in catching them was something. If I ever deserved a spanking, I did that day!

Now for my first days at school. I had to walk two miles to the two-room schoolhouse. There I met the young sons of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, who had a beautiful black and white pony. About two weeks before Christmas, the teacher told us that we could have our choice of a present as long as it did not cost over one dollar. We chose a sled. A dollar went places in those days; milk was a nickel a quart, you got twenty chocolate "babies" for a penny, gasoline was nine cents a gallon....I'm afraid "them days are gone forever."

One day, as a group of us were walking home from school, we saw our first automobile. The boys yelled, "Getta horse! Getta horse! If they

could have seen the horse my father bought they would have said, "Getta car! Getta car!" She was a beautiful animal and could step right along but she was deathly afraid of automobiles. When a car came within a hundred feet she would tremble, pull to the side of the road and lie down. My father would have to get out, pet and talk to her, unhitch her, and then she would get up. One day, less than ten minutes after going through this routine, my father said, "Here comes another one!" Our pretty little horse remained true to form and lay down again.

Our next move was to the village of Oyster Bay, shortly before the Vanderbilt Cup Race was started on Long Island. In 1904 I went to East Norwich which is about two miles from Oyster Bay. I saw Joe Tracy, who drove a locomobile, run into the crowd at East Norwich. He could not do anything else; in fact you could not see the turn, the people stood so close together. We also saw Walter Christie's car that had a front end drive.

Now garages began to open and many who had repaired bicycles started to fix autos. After school, we would make a tour of the garages to see what we could see. Every so often, I would visit the public library to read anything and everything with reference to automobiles. Our first auto ride was in a one-cylinder Cadillac.

In 1909 Ford produced the Model T and with it came jokes and stories plus the name "Tin Lizzy." It was a very good hill climber. Many people said it was the best make to buy because it was the only car that would go to heaven on high.

Editor's Note: You will be interested in knowing that Mr. McCaulley lost his sight and hearing recently.

FOOTBALL A LA BOWL

Lillie and Co., Inc.

As in common with most Yankee Doodle Dandees, my hubby is a rabid sports fan and football is high on his list of favorites. Being a mere female, I care little for the game, that is, I pick out one team with a nice name and if it wins the games, then I am all for football and think it's wonderful. On the other hand, if my team loses, I think the game is horrid, barbarous and should be "barred from the males."

This New Year's Day, for the first time in many a year, hubby was to be at home and could listen to all of the "Bowls" that he could get on his little radio. After he got home from work around 8:00A.M., had breakfast and fed the "biddies", he "hit the hay" for an hour's "shut eye" and then got up and parked for the great "shambles."

Since he was in a world apart--as if in a trance--from that moment on I took swift advantage of it and set out to save on our food bills by having sawdust and shavings (spam and noodles!) for lunch. When I went to call him, he didn't hear me, naturally. So I gently took him by the ear and led him to the table. He did rouse himself once to pour more catsup on his shavings, and remark, "This is kind of peculiar spaghetti, but pretty good." Then he lapsed again into that coma.

Finally, I got up the nerve to barge into his state of bliss or whatever it was, and asked him this vital question. "If a guy, watching those Bowl games on a Television set--Rose, Sugar, Orange, Cotton and Tangerine--suddenly decided that he wanted to watch ALL of them at one time, what would he get?"

Never even turning his head away from the radio, hubby spelled out rapidly, "FRUIT SALAD!"

Editor's Note: Lillie and Co., Inc. is better known to many of you as Mrs. Lillian Sabinske.

BEAUTY BOX

HOW I PAINT MY FINGERNAILS RED AND WHY

by

Mrs. Thomas Fisher

I have been painting my fingernails a very bright red for so long that now it has become a must do or die, for I feel that I am only half dressed if I do not do so. I did not start this habit for vanity or beauty's sake, though it does flatter my hands.

I started it for two reasons: first, my husband wanted me to do so. He said my hands were so nice and white that red nails would make them very pretty, and though I did not at first know how to paint them myself, I thought I must learn to do so to please him.

It all happened quite accidentally when I cut the tip of one of my fingers and used red mercurochrome on the wound to prevent infection. Some of the mercurochrome coated the nail as well and I could see enough to catch the red color. I discovered that that one finger was not always getting in where it was not supposed to go, such as in the children's eyes. So by accident I saw more in the idea of finger nail painting than just vanity. I made up my mind I could learn to paint my nails red.

Here is how I do it. You too can learn; it's all done by feel and practice. I sit in a rocking chair with my elbows on the arms to brace my arms so that they stay still comfortably, with just two inches between the two hands. I always cover my lap with a towel in case of a drip. I brace the bottle of nail polish between my knees because you can always find it there without knocking it over or messing the nail you have just painted. I do one

fingernail at a time so that there is no smearing. You can save a lot of worry by using vaseline on your fingers up and all around the nails, so that what may have gone on your skin will come off easily, waiting until you are sure the painted nail is dry before wiping off the vaseline, else you will mess it up. Take your time about doing this job. I find the best time is just before going to bed.

Start with the right little finger, applying the polish from one side to the other. Push up from the edge to the outside and then down to the end, up and down lightly but firmly enough to know from feel that you have done the whole nail. If you don't move your arms you are sure not to miss a place. Wait at least a full minute for it to dry, then feel the nail. You can feel the missing spots with practice, for nail paint is very smooth and so different from your unpolished nails; but if you still doubt your job, run the tip of your tongue over it. You can tell with certainty, either from feel or taste.

Then rub off the vaseline and proceed doing the same thing to each fingernail. Do not vaseline all your fingers at once, because the greasiness will bother you and mess the job. Don't, for your own good, try to do this in time for a date. You must have plenty of time or your job will look as if you "butchered your best friend."

If you are a housewife, you will need to redo your nails every other day, which I do. But you who just wet your hands when you are washing or bathing can go a whole week before the polish starts to crack.

Since I have started this I have not stuck a finger in the children's eyes or in the wringer, nor cut one, because I can see the red paint and

know where the fingers end. I never could be sure of this before. Everyone who sees my red nails is astonished that I do them myself.

Don't be afraid to try it. That vaseline will prevent you from making a mess, I can promise you. And red nails are very pretty and popular.

ANSWERS TO SCRAMBLES

- 1) Springfield, Ill.
- 2) California
- 3) New Hampshire
- 4) Nashville, Tenn.
- 5) Indianapolis, Ind.
- 6) Grand Rapids, Mich.
- 7) Cleveland, Ohio
- 8) Philadelphia, Pa.
- 9) Baltimore, Md.
- 10) Washington
- 11) West Virginia
- 12) New Orleans, La.
- 13) Oklahoma City, Okla.
- 14) Des Moines, Iowa
- 15) Raleigh, N. C.
- 16) Columbus, Ohio
- 17) Sacramento, Calif.
- 18) Montgomery, Ala.
- 19) Nebraska
- 20) Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. Potts

TOUCH--AND GO

Volume VI

January, 1952

No. 1

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TOUCH--AND GO

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NINETEEN-FIFTY-TWO

Howdy, Mr. New Year, come right in

Hang up your hat and take a chair;

Never mind the clatter and the din,

We're all so glad you're here.

We hope you've brought us loads of luck,

Joy and happiness galore,

To give us courage and lots of pluck

To face whatever lies before

On the long, long road to another year.

--Cora Abbie Corman

BIRTHSTONES

Tradition tells us that it brings you good luck to wear your own birthstone. There are a number of lists, some of them quite complicated, but the one given here is the best known and most generally accepted.

January ...	Garnet	July ...	Ruby
February ...	Amethyst	August ...	Sardonyx
March ...	Aquamarine	September..	Sapphire
April ...	Diamond	October ...	Opal
May ...	Emerald	November...	Topaz
June ...	Pearl	December...	Turquoise

GIFTS FOR WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

Again, tradition tells us the material to select for each anniversary according to the number of years of married happiness.

1. Paper	9. Pottery	25. Silver
2. Cotton	10. Tin	30. Pearl
3. Leather	11. Steel	35. Coral
4. Fruit and flowers	12. Linen	40. Ruby
5. Wood	13. Lace	45. Sapphire
6. Sugar	14. Ivory	50. Golden
7. Copper	15. Crystal	55. Emerald
8. Bronze	20. China	60. Diamond

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

The young year is now well launched and many of our New Year's resolutions have already been broken. We are still trying to remember to change the last figure of the date from 1 to 2. 1952! What will it bring of joys and pleasures, large and small? May each of you have at least one wish fulfilled this year!

Remember this is leap year, a year in which every unattached man must be on his guard because the girls have the right to propose marriage. February 29 is the big day--"Sadie Hawkins Day"--and if a man refuses to marry a girl who proposes on this day, he must pay a forfeit--buy her a new dress. The government has set no price control on such forfeits so that the dress could cost a pretty penny.

Webster's dictionary defines leap year as follows: "A year containing 366 days; every fourth year in which any fixed date after February leaps over a day of the week and falls on the next day but one to that on which it fell the year before." It all sounds rather complicated, but in simple terms Christmas fell on Tuesday in 1951 and it will come on Thursday in 1952.

Leap Year is also the year for our presidential election and excitement over the coming political contest is already rising. From now on the newspapers, radio and television will be filled with an increasing number of speeches and there will be entirely too much "mud slinging." But this is America, where we can all speak and think freely.

This year, 1952, commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Louis Braille, the man to whom we who read with our fingers owe an immeasurable debt. A great many activities are being planned in France and

and elsewhere to honor Louis Braille, who died feeling that he had failed to convince the world that his system of raised dots was a valuable reading medium for the blind.

On Wednesday, December 12, 1951, Betsie and I attended the monthly meeting of the Light Buoy Club, a club of twenty-two deaf-blind employees at the Industrial Home for the Blind. It was election night and there was an undercurrent of excitement until the votes were all recorded and the outcome proclaimed. Betsie and I received very little attention until the announcements came--President, Robert Smithdas; Vice President, Enio Struzzi; Secretary, Lewis Hoskins; Treasurer, Benjamin Beltsendler; retained as Trustee, Harry Weitman. Then we were suddenly surrounded by friends, Betsie waving her tail and presenting her paw in response to many pats and I trying to read the one-hand manual, sometimes with each hand. It is hard enough for me to follow one at a time and it was pathetic for me to talk to two people at once. However, the welcome was a royal one and no one seemed to mind my slow reading and frequent confusion. During dinner which followed I had a good chance to get acquainted and my manual reading improved as the meal progressed. Betsie, under the table, received a few illegal bites of dinner. It was good companionship and the evening passed all too quickly.

My little nephew, eleven years old, is tremendously interested in writing something for "TAG" and you may expect his contribution in the next issue. I told him you would not be interested in his real and imaginary football games or the sixth grade baseball scores. Therefore he has decided to "scramble" some cities and states for you (with answers at the back of the issue). These scrambles are puzzles, mixing up the letters in the name

of a town or state so that they look very queer and you shift them around to spell the answer. "Hewie" is great at doing the scrambling, but has no success at all in unscrambling the work of others. He is working hard at this project and hopes very much to please you.

We here at the Foundation are all looking forward to another year of service--another year of friendships--old and new. We wish you one and all a Happy New Year!

Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

PERSONALLY YOURS

(Reprinted from a Western newspaper)

When she first came to Pomeroy in 1907 to teach one-room country schools in Garfield county, she was Lexie Belle Adams, a vivacious young school teacher from Texas.

Those were the days when pretty young school teachers were "school marms," no matter how young nor how pretty they were.

And if they didn't have a husband, they were eyed as closely by mothers as by the beaux they had. School marms were the community's most interesting citizens.

Any young fellow who bought a new team of matched bays was more than likely going to start courting the school marm. If it was wintertime, with a box-social or a "literary" in the offing at the schoolhouse, and he bought an extra string of sleigh bells with a nice, new robe for the sleigh, it was a sure thing he was going to ask the school marm if he could take her.

Those were the days when Lexie Belle came to Garfield county to teach the children of wheat farmers and mountain cattlemen. Some of her pupils stood a head taller than she and those were the days, she recalls, with happiness and laughter--when there is someone to remember them with her.

She had laughing eyes then, red hair, a petite figure, a buoyancy of spirit that made many an experience of those early days an adventure instead of a hardship.

If Lexie Belle had any cause to worry in those days, it was only one. Her hearing had been left defective from an illness in early childhood.

Families she boarded with and her pupils soon learned this but her eyes did double-duty over any pupils mischievously inclined and her spontaneity more than compensated for her lack of normal hearing in the home-life she shared with others.

Long after she had realized she might someday become totally deaf, the young teacher was still able to count on her eyes doing double-duty.

She taught until 1925. That was the year she married Dick Howard, a rancher from down toward Dayton. She was widowed seven years later.

Picking up the thread of her life alone again, Lexie Belle bought a small home at Pomeroy. She went back to school, this time as baker at the school cafeteria. Her ears had finally failed her, sounds growing less and less audible until they were finally stilled. But she still had her sight.

It was only a surprise, the morning she awakened and found she had lost sight in her left eye. Those first hours were only hours of perplexity, not hours of knowing she would never have sight of the eye restored. Doctors said it was cancer of the eye.

After the treatments, the waiting and then the final sentence from a specialist that the eye must be removed, she began to accept it for the truth--and try to remember how to laugh at her troubles.

She is still buoyant of spirit and her figure is still petite, although plump as it should be for her age. Lexie Belle is about 63. But the red hair is now snow white and she is totally blind as well as totally deaf. Four years ago, she tells, the right eye began to dim. "Then, I just blinked out," she said.

Speaking with distinct pronunciation, rare for one who has been deaf so long, and varying her tone level in an entertaining delivery of speech, Lexie Belle treats the subject lightly now.

"Why should I let myself be a burden and a worry to my neighbors? Think of it. I would get lost in my own back yard. That's why I gave up and came here."

Comfortably settled in a cheerful corner room at a rest home at Clarkston, Washington, Lexie Belle feels well provided for with her teacher's retirement payment, plus income from the house she had to leave at Pomeroy when she decided "not to be a worry" to her neighbors.

It is difficult to remember constantly, sitting with her, listening to her animated conversation, that she can neither see nor hear her visitors. But remember the total darkness, the total silence and then ask: How do we reach her with our words, our curious questions?

It is by holding her hand with her index finger, touching a smooth board she keeps for these conversations, spelling out the words of questions to be asked or answers to her own questions.

Then there are three signs that make short-cuts to the spelling, a pinch on her wrist for yes, a finger tap on the back of her hand for no, and a brush of the hand across her shoulder for "I don't know."

What does she have to tell those of us who have our sight and hearing? "Just say there are many, many things worse than being deaf and blind," she said, smiling. "Say too," she went on, "that God's most precious gifts to me are my friends."

ROBERT B. IRWIN--A LIFETIME OF SERVICE

Alfred Allen

Few men in our century have so firmly grasped and so tenaciously held on to the opportunity for a dedicated life as did the late Robert B. Irwin, whose untimely death last month leaves the world of the blind the richer for his influence and the poorer for his passing. Of all the great leaders of the blind, none has more brightly illumined their pathway, none has more richly endowed their spirit, none has more ardently championed their right to a fuller and better life and an equal share in life's opportunities. His own life was literally strewn with the milestones which mark his achievements in advancing the upward progress of his fellow blind. There is no remote corner of our vast country whose men, women and children without sight are not the better for his ceaseless fight for a new and brighter dawn.

Born in Iowa in 1883, the eldest of twelve children of sturdy middle-class parents, nature equipped the boy with a keen and resourceful mind, a congenial good humor and a fertile imagination, characteristics which played their part from the very earliest days when, at the age of six, he became totally blind.

Following his graduation from the Washington State School for Defective Youth, as he so often liked to recall that the School for the Blind was then called, Robert Irwin enrolled at and worked his way through the University of Washington, after which he entered Harvard to earn his M.A. degree. It was while at Harvard that he began to interest himself in serving his fellow blind, and it was from this interest that he developed that national point of view which was to serve as the lodestone for the countless men and women who were to become his friends and associates in a common effort to win for their

blind the heritage which is rightly theirs.

Dr. Irwin began his active career in work for the blind as organizer and supervisor of the classes for the blind in the Cleveland Public Schools, in which he was aided by the Cleveland Society for the Blind, and from which emerged the pattern for many more such classes, not only in Ohio but in many other cities throughout the country. It was at this time that he recognized the need for different educational techniques for, first those who, like himself, were totally blind, and then also for those who had partial vision and could make some use of their sight. Thus in 1913 he organized the first sight-saving classes in the United States and in 1920 he established the Clear Type Publishing Co. for the purpose of producing and distributing books in 24-point print for use in the sight-saving classes.

In 1923, Irwin was invited to become director of the bureau of research and education of the American Foundation for the Blind which, though incorporated two years earlier, had not yet become established as an active service agency. It was then that the Foundation began its phenomenal growth, in recognition of his part in which he was appointed its Executive Director in 1929, a post from which he retired in 1949, leaving to his successor a strong and stable agency with a staff of 125 people.

As Executive Director of the Foundation, Irwin's achievements in behalf of the blind constitute a record unrivalled by any other man of his time, and by few of his predecessors. At the Foundation, he continued his passionate interest in raised print, which culminated in a conference in London, England, where in 1932 the American Uniform Type Committee under his chairmanship reached agreement with the British authorities and brought into being a standard braille system for use throughout the English-speaking world. Here, too,

he played an important role in furthering those measures which were to result in Federal appropriations for books for the blind, from which developed the nation-wide service now operating through the Division for the Blind of the Library of Congress. Here, also, he conceived and took the lead in bringing into being the "Talking Book" from which later developed the Federal service which has provided talking book machines to nearly 50,000 blind readers in all parts of the country, as well as the books themselves, many of them recorded in the studios of and manufactured at the American Foundation for the Blind.

At the Foundation, he took the leadership in fostering much of the Federal legislation which is the backbone of many of the benefits the blind now enjoy and accept as their unquestioned right. Notable among such benefits is the program of Aid to the Needy Blind, under which Title X of the Social Security Act provides for Federal grants-in-aid to the States so that they in turn may provide more generously for the needs of their sightless citizens.

Never satisfied, Irwin strove constantly for an improved Act with more generous treatment of the blind. His unceasing fight was largely responsible for the provision which on July 1 next will require the States to permit the blind to earn up to \$50 monthly without suffering a reduction in their monthly grants. Notable too is the Wagner-O'Day Act, providing for the Federal purchase of articles made in the workshops for the blind. Dr. Irwin played a leading role in securing the passage of this Act, to implement which he then helped to establish and became Executive Vice-President of National Industries for the Blind, an affiliate of the Foundation which acts as the liaison between the Federal and other purchasing agents and the various workshops which supply the Federal government with their products. Still another measure which affects the pocketbooks of almost all blind persons is the law which permits the

railroads and bus lines of the country to carry a blind person and guide for a single fare. This too was secured largely through his efforts. Notable also is the \$600 exemption which the blind are permitted in computing their Federal Income Tax payments, a measure for which Irwin fought and was able to secure in 1944. Turning his attention to the rehabilitation and employment of the blind, he was in the forefront in working for the passage of the Barden-La Follette Act and the Randolph-Sheppard Act, through the provisions of which thousands of the blind have received vocational rehabilitation and subsequent employment, hundreds of them as operators of vending stands in Federal and other buildings. During World War II, he single-handedly wrote the provisions which as Public Law 309 constitute a bill of rights for blinded veterans including those now returning from Korea.

No blind person, no group of the blind, was too unimportant to command his interest and attention. Again he showed his genius for organization, beginning with the World Conference on Work for the Blind held in New York in 1931. In 1946 he was appointed Executive Director of the newly organized American Foundation for Overseas Blind, successor to the American Braille Press, and here he remained until his retirement in 1950. In this capacity he directed an expanding program of services which has extended direct financial and material aid to the blind and organizations serving the blind in many parts of the world, a work carried on from both the New York and Paris offices of the organization. In 1949, he had an important role in organizing, and served as Chairman of, the International Conference of Workers for the Blind held at Meton College, Oxford, England.

Dr. Irwin's life was filled with activity. In 1930 he served as Chairman of the sub-committee on visually handicapped for the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. From 1923 to 1927 he was President of the American Association of Workers for the Blind, and during World War II served as Chairman of its Committee on the War-Blinded. Long a resident of New Jersey he served for a number of years as one of the Commissioners of the New Jersey Commission for the Blind. Hardly a movement for the blind failed to command his immediate interest and attention, and thus he was a member of countless committees and Boards of agencies for the blind, in all parts of the country. In recognition of his many achievements, in 1943 Western Reserve University of Cleveland conferred on him an LL.D. degree. In 1945 he was named Alumnus Summa Laude Dignatus by his Alma Mater, the University of Washington. In 1947 he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

Dr. Irwin was a prodigious writer, and when in 1950 he retired from the organizations with which he had been so long connected, he acquired a charming rambling country home set amid spacious grounds and flower gardens, out on Puget Sound, scene of his boyhood. There he launched into yet another new undertaking, the writing of a History of Work for the Blind which was to cover the past fifty years.

How truly may he be said to have died in harness! His last letter to the Foundation is dated December 11, the day before his death. In it is revealed the vigorous mind, the almost youthful impatience and enthusiasm which were so characteristic of his passionate quest for information and knowledge. To the end, he was no less a student than a teacher.

In a world which cries out for leaders, Robert B. Irwin's life was filled with a ceaseless and untiring energy, and possessed that vital spark which captures the spirit and compels the devotion of all who are privileged to share such a life. In the immeasurable span of time, he will seem to have been with us for such a little while. But with his good works, he will live on in the pages of our memories. He was truly a Good Soldier who fought the good fight in the unending struggle for human uplift!

A CHRISTMAS VISION

Cora Abbie Corman

I was awakened suddenly about six o'clock, a few mornings before Christmas, by a light touch on my chest. I was wide awake at once. The room was full of a soft light, like the light of a Spring sunrise. Turning my head to the side of the bed, I beheld the loveliest object I had ever seen in human form. A child of ten or twelve years old was standing beside the bed, looking down at me, as if waking me had been a huge joke. She was so sweet and altogether lovely, her golden hair, soft and fluffy, lay in tumbled waves over her head; her eyes were such a heavenly blue, it hurt to look into them and no mortal ever had such skin. Her garb? Impossible to describe. It was like the light which filled the room--soft yellow, pink and blue; just the merest hint of these colors. I just lay quietly and gazed at the lovely picture smiling down at me. Then I said, "Oh, you blessed child. Who are you? An Angel?" She smiled more sweetly, placed one hand on her breast, waved the other at me, and slowly faded away, seeming to vanish through the door directly behind her. The room was in darkness again, save for the dim light of a street light and the coming dawn.

Some might say, "It was just an early morning dream," But I say positively not. I turned over, rolled out of bed, reached for my clothes and began to dress. It was almost getting-up time, anyway. It is quite dark here at six o'clock in the morning. Believe me, I was the happiest mortal all of that day, and for days following. I wanted to sing, laugh and dance, just like a happy child. No, it was not a "sleeping dream"--it was a wide-awake vision of The Christmas Spirit symbolized by a little child. If you ask me, which you didn't I will say that I believe we blind people have flashes of seeing as perfectly as we ever could. How about it?

A blessedly Happy 1952 to all of "Tag" readers.

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